

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY



MARCH
No. 37

COMICS

10¢

BLACKHAWK

finds VICTORY
through the
PASS OF
BLOODY PEACE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BUST UP MY RACKETS, MR. REFORM MAYOR!



DUCK! HE THREW A BOMB!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DUCK—REMEMBER MY MAGNETIC POWERS!



WHEN I SAY VOLTO, MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

AMAZING!

BUT THE GANGSTER'S GETTING AWAY, VOLTO!



DON'T FORGET MY MAGNETIC RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS...

INCREDIBLE! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! HOW DO YOU DO IT?



IT'S SIMPLE, MR. MAYOR! VOLTO'S FROM MARS, WHERE EVERYONE HAS MAGNETIC POWER!

AND THEY RECHARGE THAT MAGNETISM BY EATING CEREAL GRAINS DAILY!



WELL, IN THAT CASE, COME ON INSIDE AND HAVE SOME GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES! THEY'RE THE SWELLEST-TASTING CEREAL IN TOWN!

THEY MUST BE!! EVERYONE ON EARTH SEEMS TO EAT THEM!



GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES MAY NOT GIVE YOU VOLTO'S MAGNETIC POWER, BUT IT SURE WILL GIVE YOU THAT "UP AND AT 'EM" FEELING IN THE MORNING! GET GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES TODAY, YOU'LL SAY THEY TASTE SWEET!

TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

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BLACKHAWK

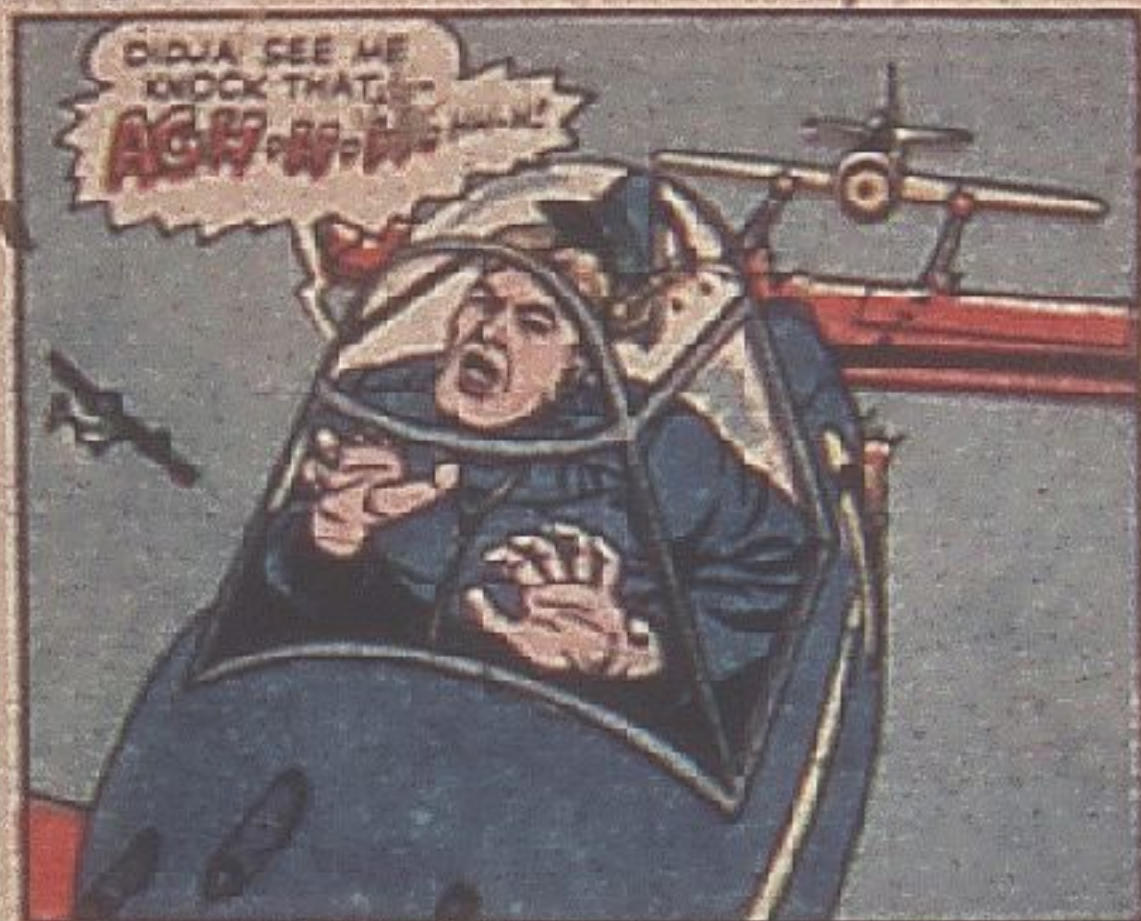
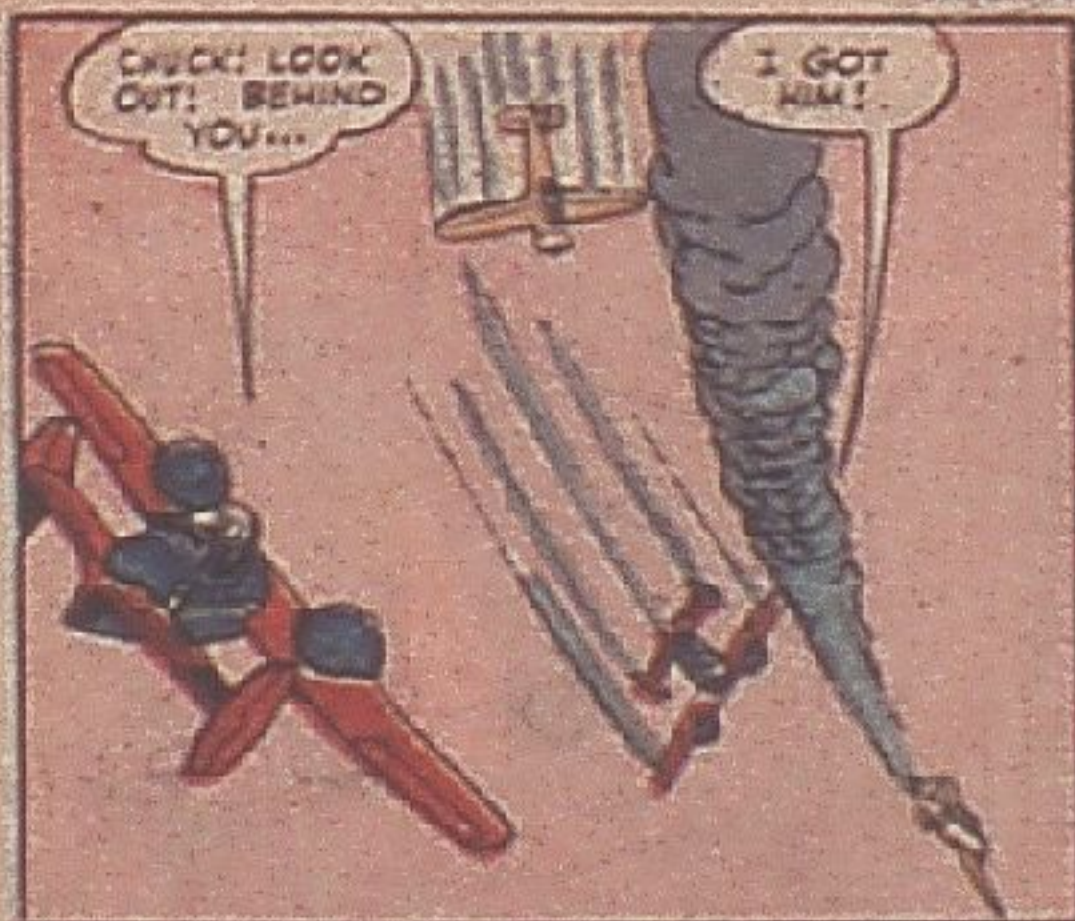


DOWN POURED THE TRIUMPHANT JAPS — TOWARD THE NARROW MOUNTAIN PASS THAT LED TO VICTORY! — AND THERE WAS NO ONE TO HALT THEM BUT A HANDFUL OF BLACKHAWKS AND AN ARMY OF WARRIORS WHOSE GOD FORBADE THEM TO FIGHT! ...

BUT EVEN GODS CAN CHANGE THEIR MINDS — AS PAA-XIS DID AT THE ...

PASS OF BLOODY PEACE!







A DARING, DEATH-DEFYING MANEUVER...

EASY, NOW! COME GENTLY UNDER HIS WINGTIP!

SACRE NOM! A SINGLE GUST OF WIND AND WE ARE ALL DEAD MEN!



YUMPING YUPITER IN A YEEP! DEY MADE IT! DEY ARE HOLDING SHUCK'S PLANE UP BETWEEN DEM!



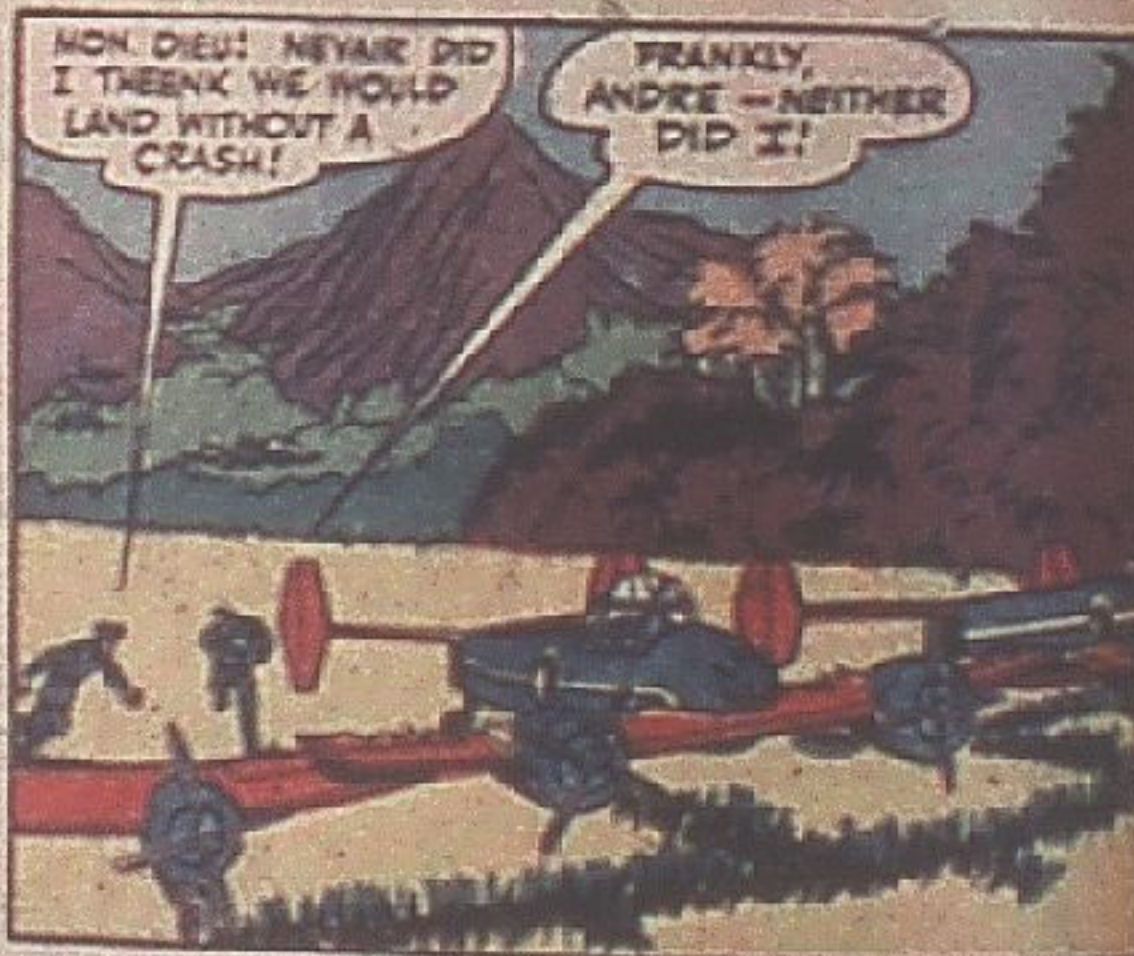
LE BON DIEU WAS WEETH US! NOY W'AT?

THERE'S AN OPEN FIELD OF SOME KIND AHEAD! - NEAR THAT MOUNTAIN PASS! - WE'LL LAND THERE - IF WE CAN!



BEAR RIGHT OR YOU WEE' MEET THAT STATUE!

WE'LL CLEAR IT! LUCKY ONE OF THOSE JAP SLUGS KILLED CHUCK'S MOTOR - OR WE'D ALL CRASH!



HON DIEU! NEVAIR DID I THEENK WE WOULD LAND WITHOUT A CRASH!

FRANKLY, ANDRE - NEITHER DID I!



HE'S BADLY HURT, BUT STILL ALIVE! GET THE SULFA AND BLOOD PLASMA - QUICK!

BLACKHAWK! - IS HE - WILL HE...??



TAKE CARE OF HIM, GANG! I'LL FACE THE CHIEF, HERE! HE MAY BE SORE AT OUR LANDING ON SACRED TEMPLE GROUND!





MILITARY COMICS







OLAF, CHOP CHOP AND I WILL FIGHT FROM THESE ROCKS! HENDRICKSON, STANISLAUS AND ANDRE WILL FIGHT FROM THE AIR, BY PLANE...

QUI! BUT WHEN ZE LAST STAND COME--WE WEE! BE DOWN TO FIGHT SHOULDAIR TO SHOULDAIR WEETH YOU!



AS NIGHT FALLS...

WE'LL DIVIDE GUARD-POST AND GET SOME SLEEP, GANG! THE ADVANCE COLUMN IS DUE TO HIT THE PASS ABOUT DAWN!

GOOD! AY BAN A SENTIMENTAL YERK ABOUT DYING IN DAS DARK!



AS WITH THE DAWN...

ON YOUR TOES, GANG! THE NIPS SHOULD SHOW SHORTLY! WITH THE RADIO FROM MY PLANE, I CAN TIP ANDRE'S GROUP WHEN TO TAKE OFF!



IS COME! WHOOPSY, DOOLES! NOW CAN MAKE PLENTY DEAD JAP!

HOLD FIRE UNTIL THEY'RE SO CLOSE YOU CAN'T MISS!



THE RATS ARE HERE, ANDRE! UP AND AT 'EM! AND MAKE EVERY SHOT AND EVERY BOMB COUNT DOUBLE!



IS TRUE WHAT SPIES REPORT! NATIVE PIGS AFRAID TO RESIST! GIVE ORDER MOVE INTO PASS!

SWALL DO, HONORABLE HOKAYO!



AND THEN...

HAWKA A A A







GOOD!



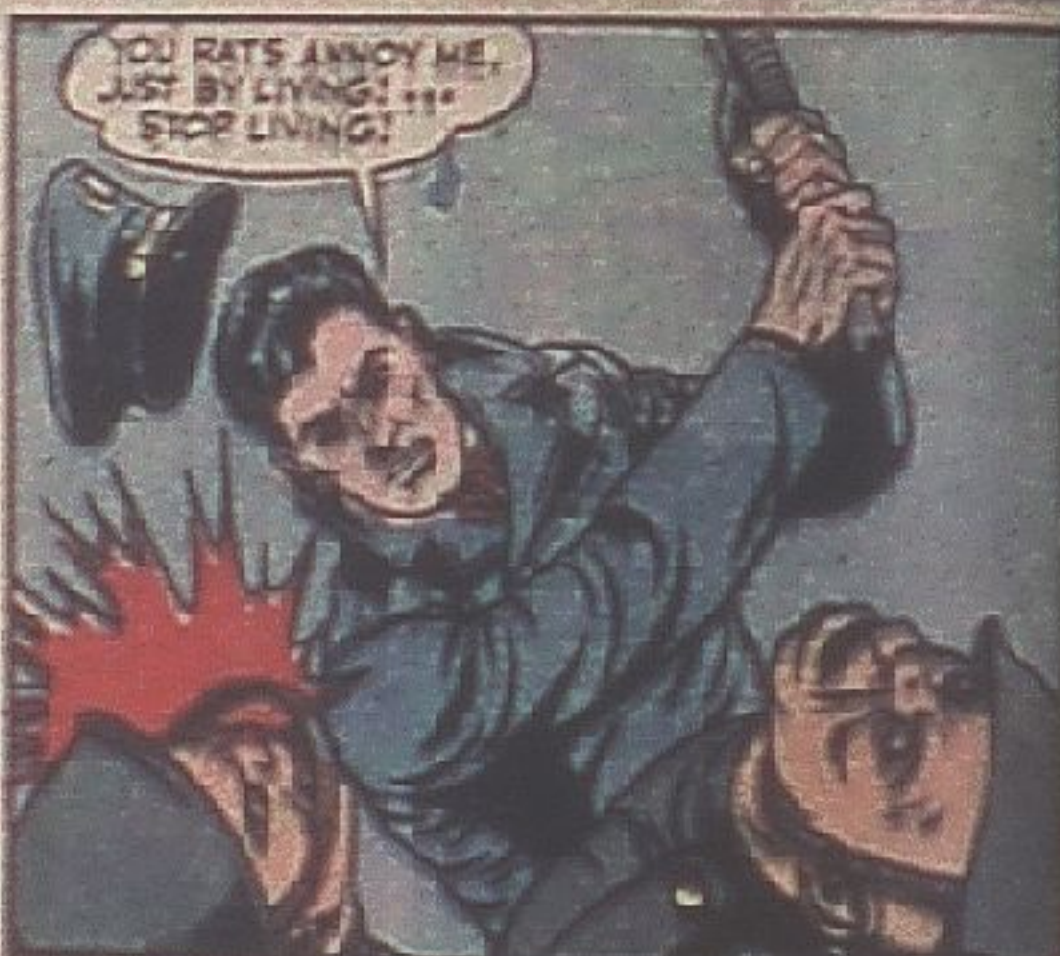
NOT THOSE BIRDS CHOP CHOP! USE IT ON THE NEXT BUNCH WHO TRY GETTING THROUGH!

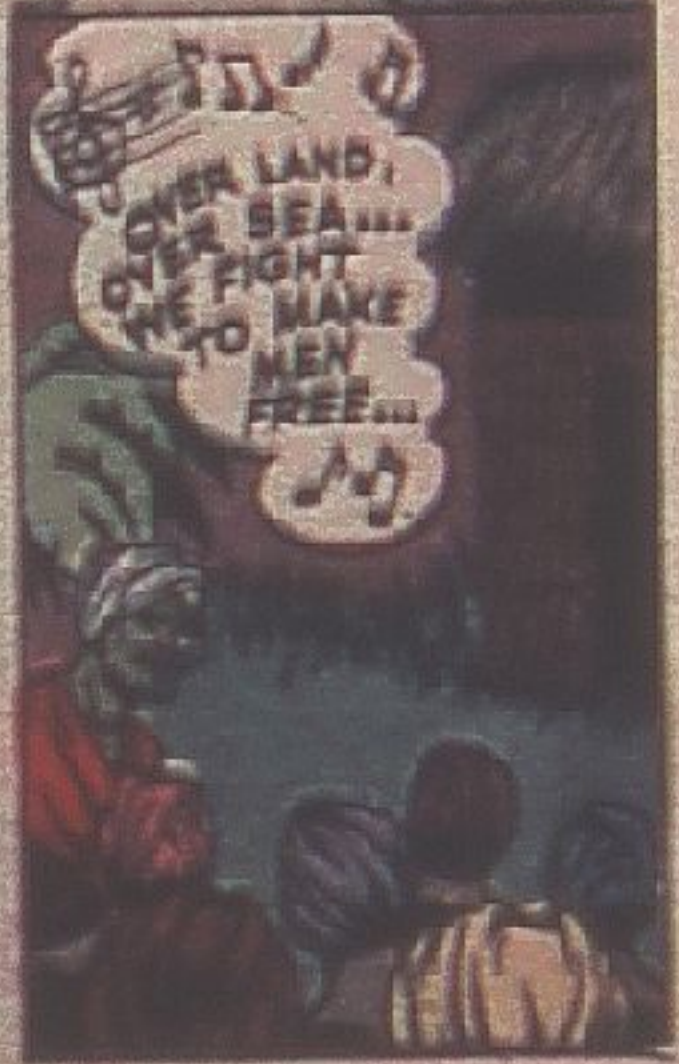


NEVER MIND PLANES! WE CAPTURE INSTANT! DO JOB QUICKLY!









Choo Choo

and CHERRY

ALL MY LIFE I'VE
NURSED THE THRILLING,
ROMANTIC THOUGHT OF
BEING LOST ON A DESERT
ISLAND -- AND NOW LOOK
AT ME! BORED STIFF!
NOBODY AROUND!
NOTHING TO DO!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING TO DO -- I
HAVE A FEW SUGGESTIONS!







JUST A MINUTE! I GOT SOMETHING HERE FOR YOU!

THIS MUST BE THE CONTRACT! OH, GOSH! THREE ACTS!—IT SHOULD RATE BIG DOUGH!



BUT—BUT—AREN'T WE?—I THOUGHT YOU—WHY, THESE ARE JUST SCRIPTS!

CERTAINLY! WHATTA WANT—ENGRAVED INVITATIONS? NOW BE BACK AT ONE—THIRTY SHARP, DO YOU HEAR?



OH, CHOO CHOO. DID YOU GET A PART IN THE SHOW?

A PART IN THE SHOW? MY DEAR, I AM THE SHOW!



I DO ONE SONG, A DANCE—AND THIS VERY DRAMATIC PART IN THE LAST ACT!

GOSH, MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING I COULD DO IN THE SHOW!



THAT'S VERY FUNNY! HA-HA-HA! THIS IS THE THEATRE, YOU KNOW!

OH, I DON'T MEAN TO ACT! I'D WANT SOMETHING TO DO BACK-STAGE!



BACK AT THE THEATRE... I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU! I'LL SPEAK TO MR. RISE WHEN I FIND TIME!

OH, THAT'LL BE WONDERFUL! IT MUST BE THRILLING TO WORK HERE!



WOW! WHAT A GAL!

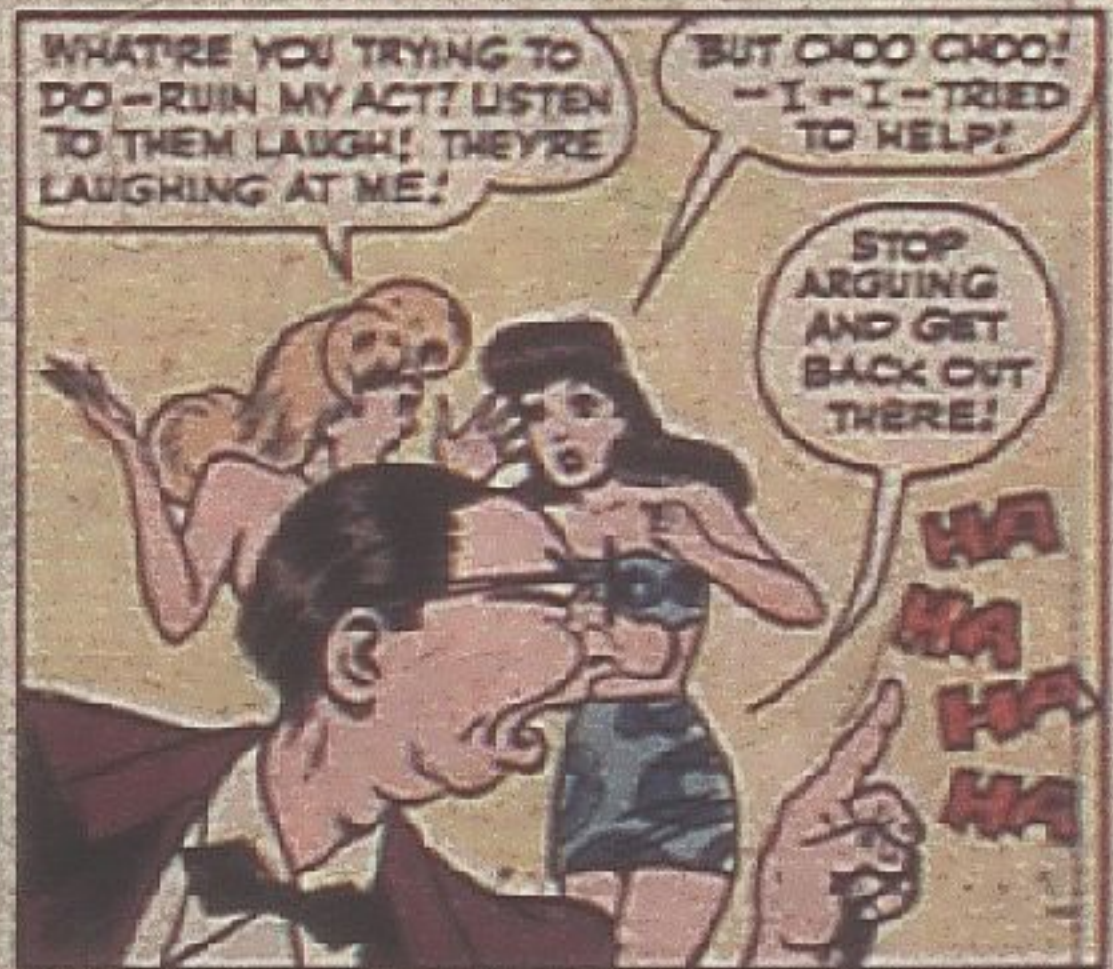
AT LAST THEY'RE BEGINNING TO REALIZE—

THAT'S CLASS WITH A CAPITAL 'K'!

WHY, SHE'S JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

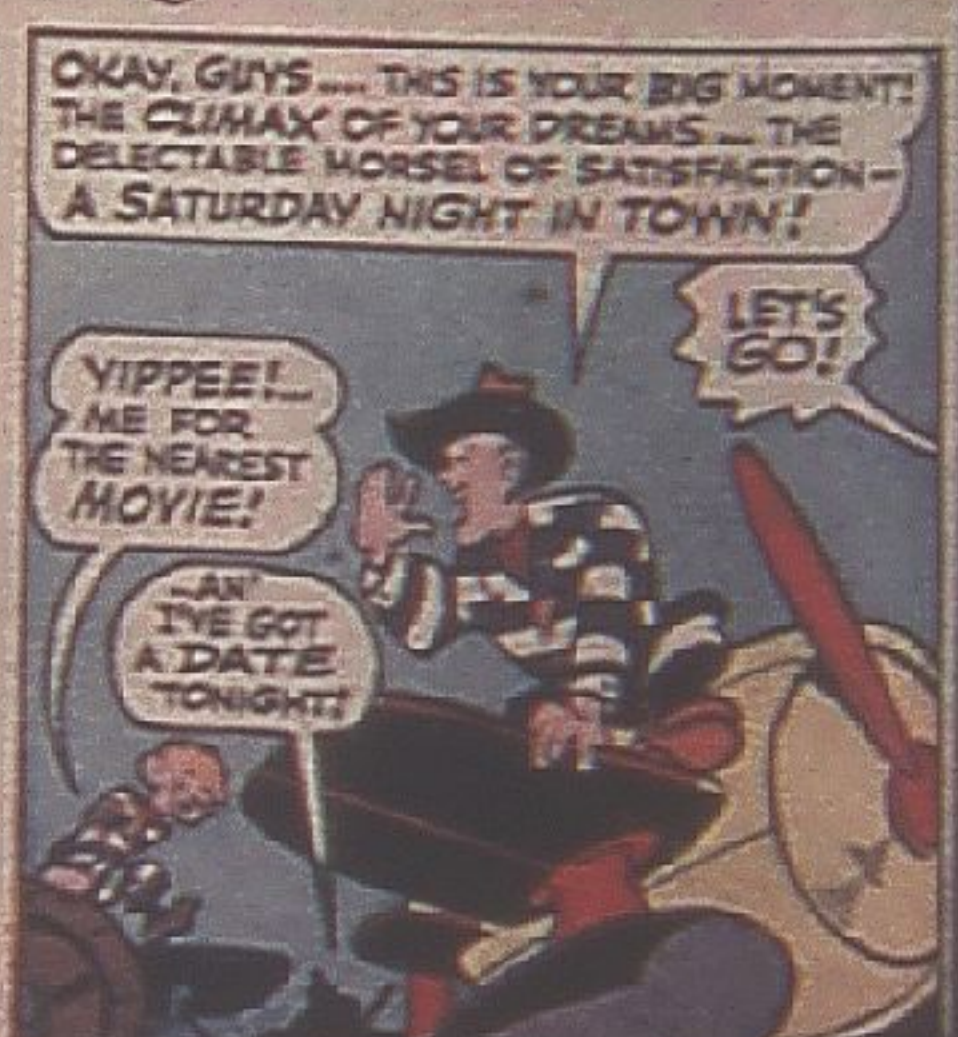
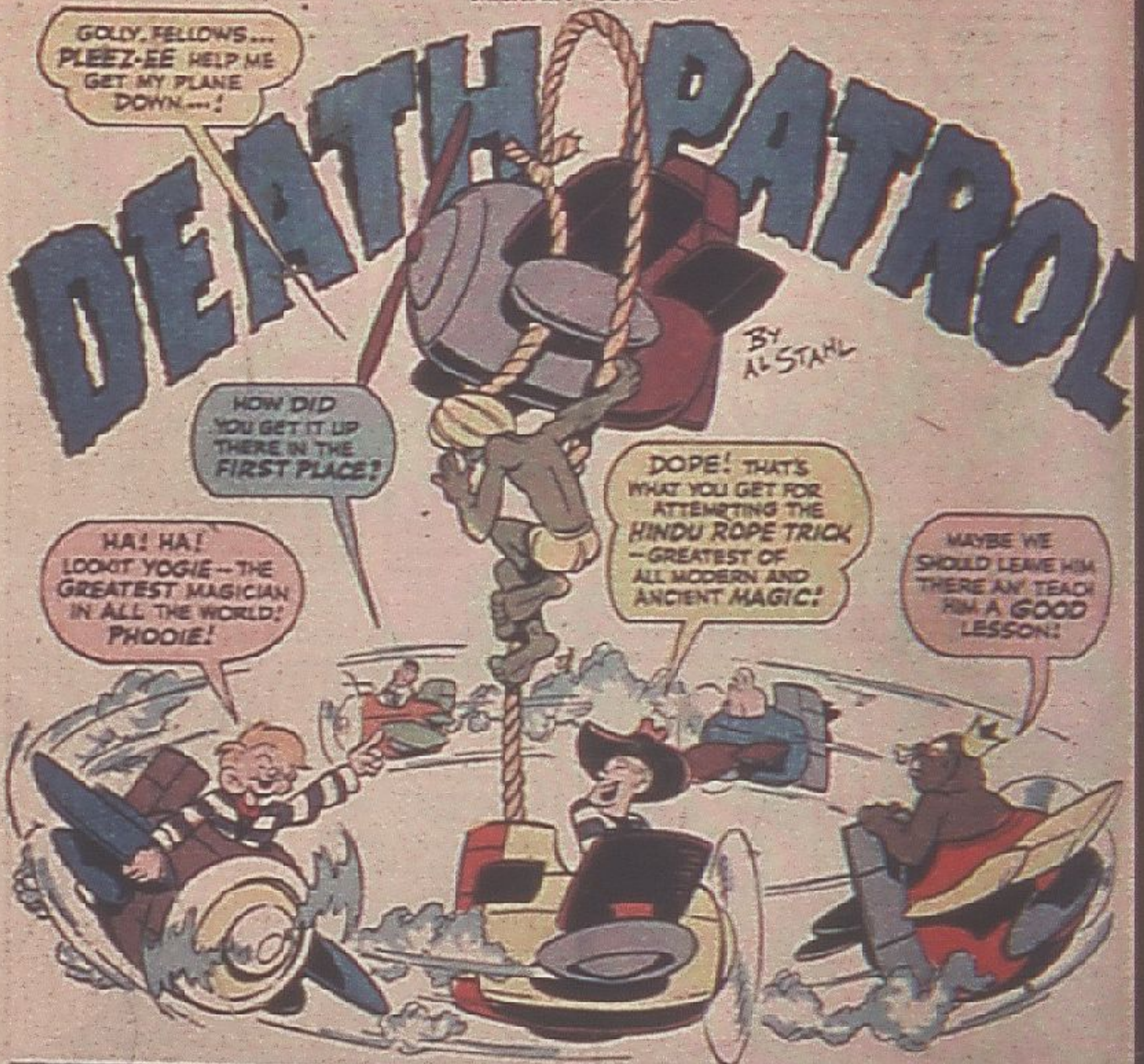
















IM IN A PICKLE, MR. HOKUS! IM A REAL NATIVE-BORN YOGI - FROM THE LAND OF MYSTERY, INTRIGUE AND WONDERMENT... AND I CANT EVEN DO THE FAMOUS HINDU ROPE TRICK! ILL SPEND MY LIFES SAVINGS OF A HUNDRED BUCKS IF YOUll TEACH ME!

100-HUNT? A PUSHOVER!

STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR!



WATCH CLOSELY! A CLAP OF THE HANDS... DEEP CONCENTRATION... A FEW MAGIC WORDS AND LO AND BEHOLD!... THE HUNDRED, PLEASE!

AMAZING!



...AND WELL WORTH IT! NOW, WAIT... AND ILL PAY YOU...

NEVER MIND - ILL TAKE THE MONEY MY WAY... ITS A COURTESY WE EXTEND TO OUR CUSTOMERS!

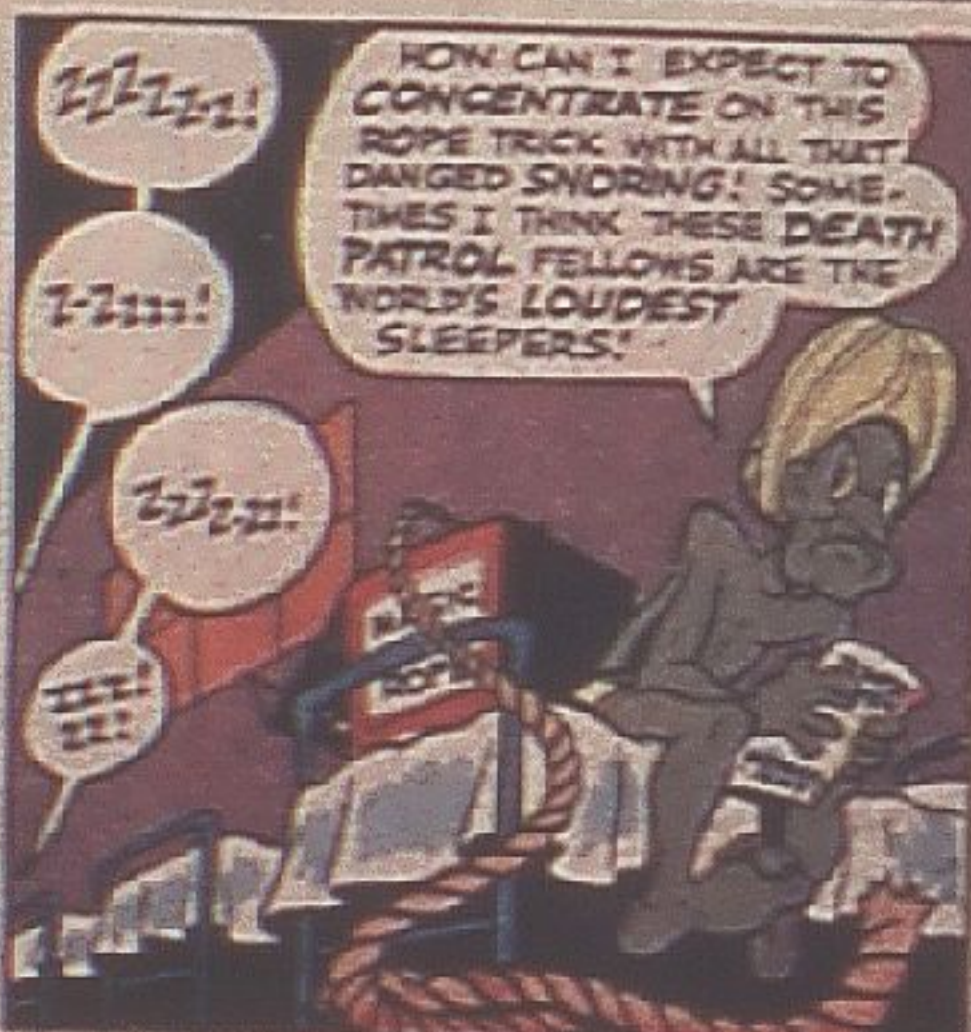


REMEMBER TO READ THE INSTRUCTIONS AND PRACTICE IN A QUIET PLACE!... KEEP CONCENTRATING!

WHAT A BUI!



Late that night at the Airport Bunkhouse -



HOW CAN I EXPECT TO CONCENTRATE ON THIS ROPE TRICK WITH ALL THAT DANGED SNORING! SOMETIMES I THINK THESE DEATH PATROL FELLOWS ARE THE WORLDS LOUDEST SLEEPERS!

ZZZZZ!

ZZZZZ!

ZZZZZ!

ZZZZ!

NOW, LETS BEGIN AGAIN - CONCENTRATE - QUIETLY - SNORING - ER - I - DARK DEATH PATROL! - ITS ALL THEIR FAULT!... CONCENTRATE! SLEEP - SNORING - OH - HUM - OH - OH - HUM -

INSTRUCTIONS



JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

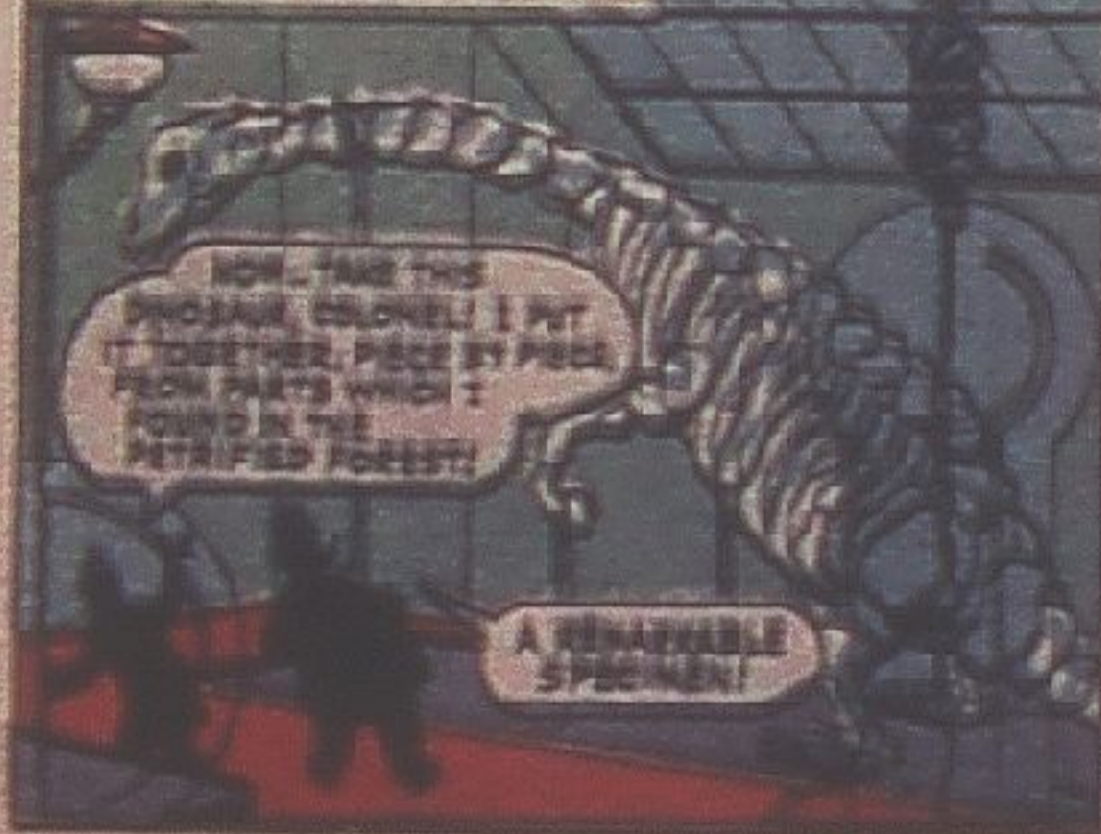


PRIVATE DOG TAG



SOME PEOPLE
JUST HAVE A WAY WITH
ANIMALS, REGARDLESS OF
THEIR SIZE OR FIERCENESS!
LIKE ME ... ALL SORTS
OF ANIMALS TAKE
TO ME!

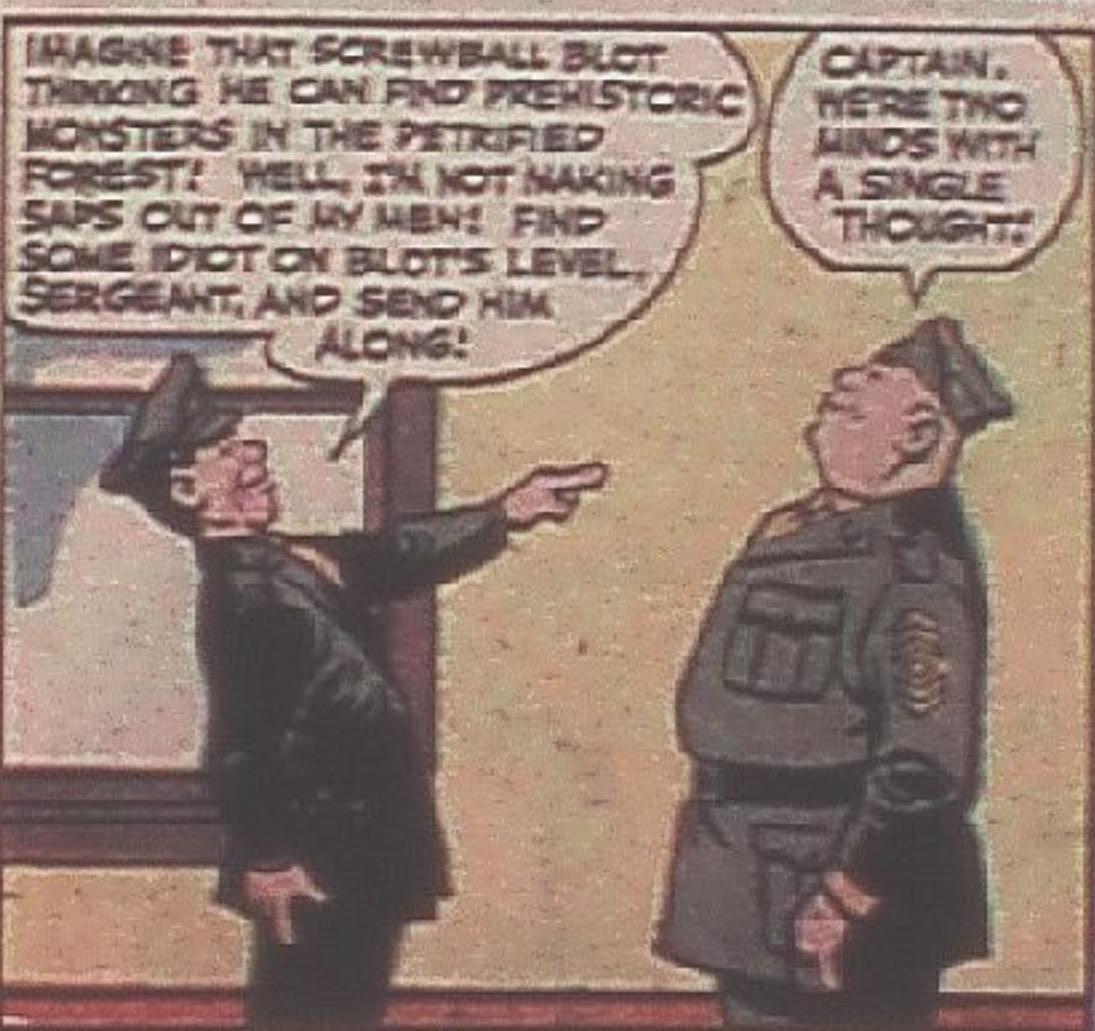
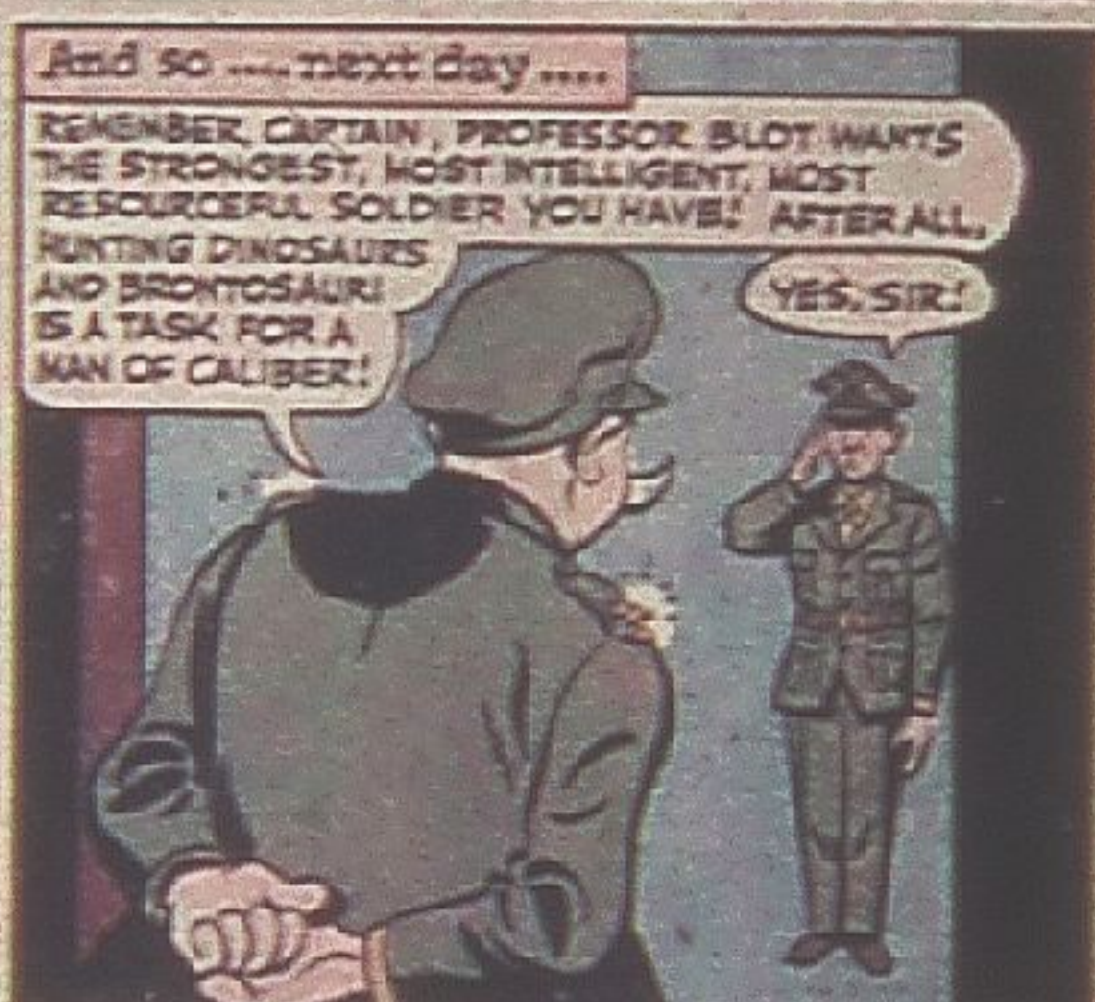
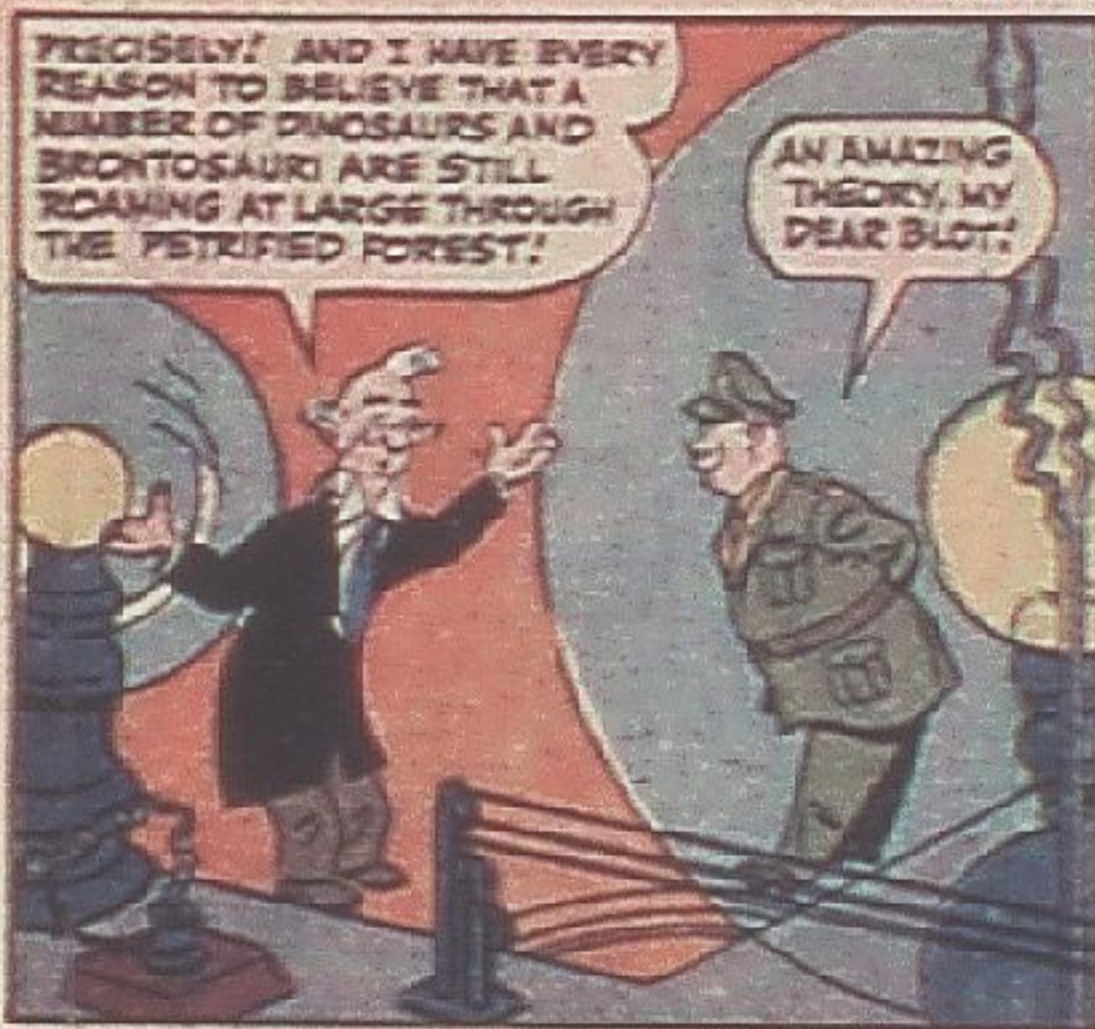
In the private museum of T. ANNIAS BLDT,
Famous scientist...



UNQUESTIONABLY, ESPECIALLY
SINCE, FROM THE CONDITION
OF THE BONES, I CAN STATE
UNCONDITIONALLY THAT FAR
FROM BEING A PREHISTORIC
CREATURE, THIS DINOSAUR
WAS VERY MUCH ALIVE ONLY
A FEW WEEKS AGO!

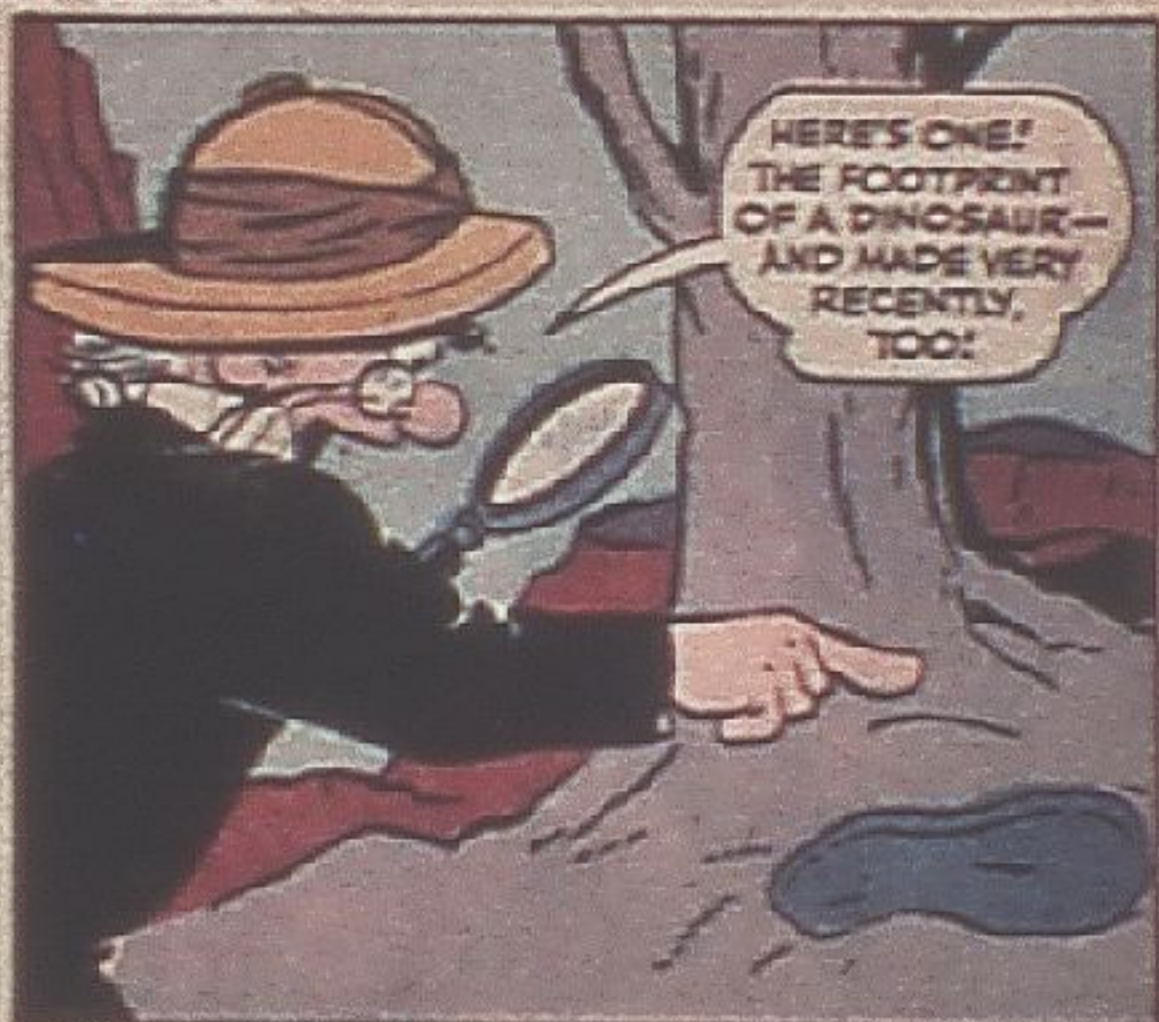
WHAT
?!!

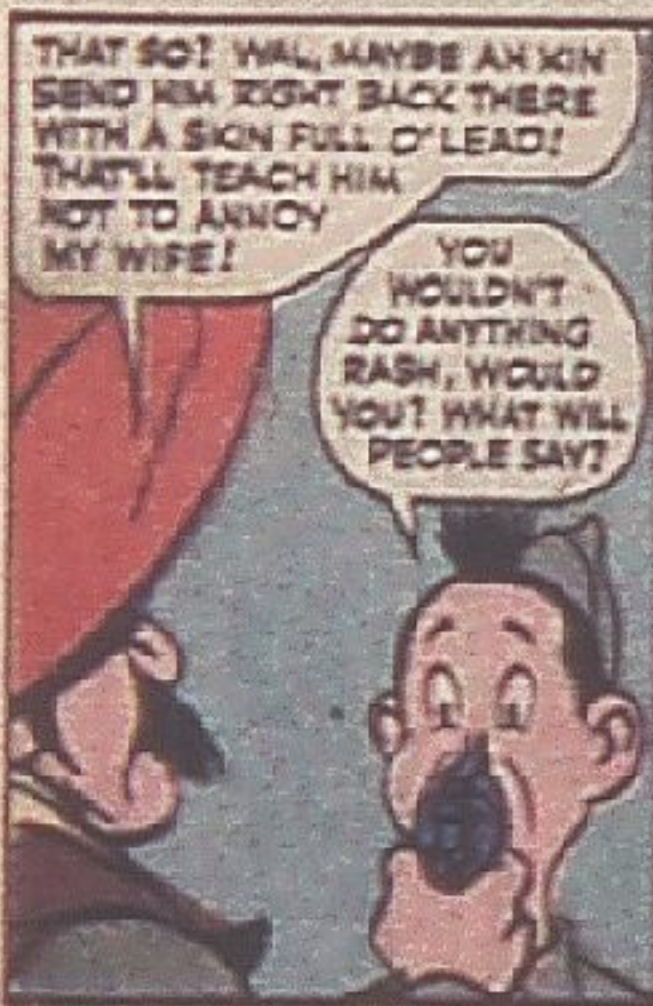
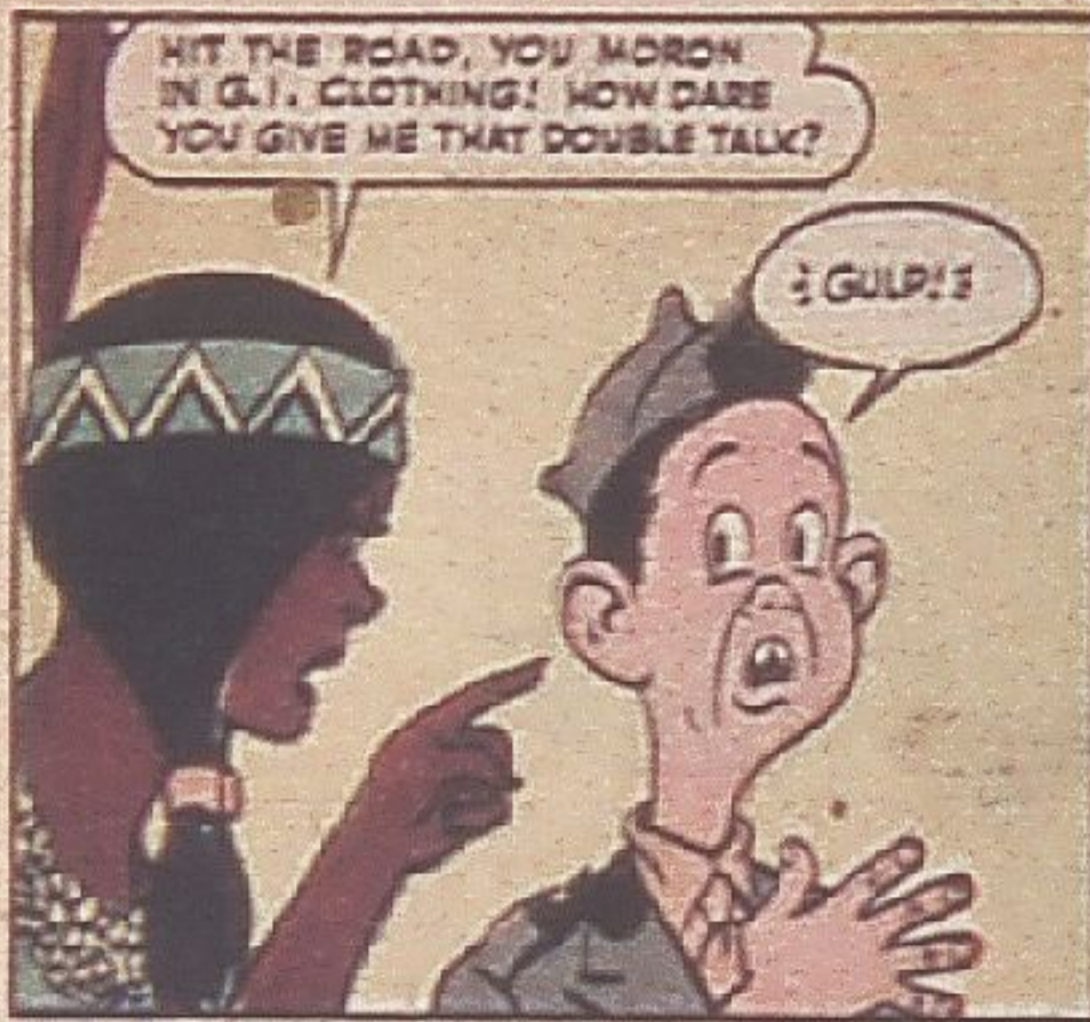












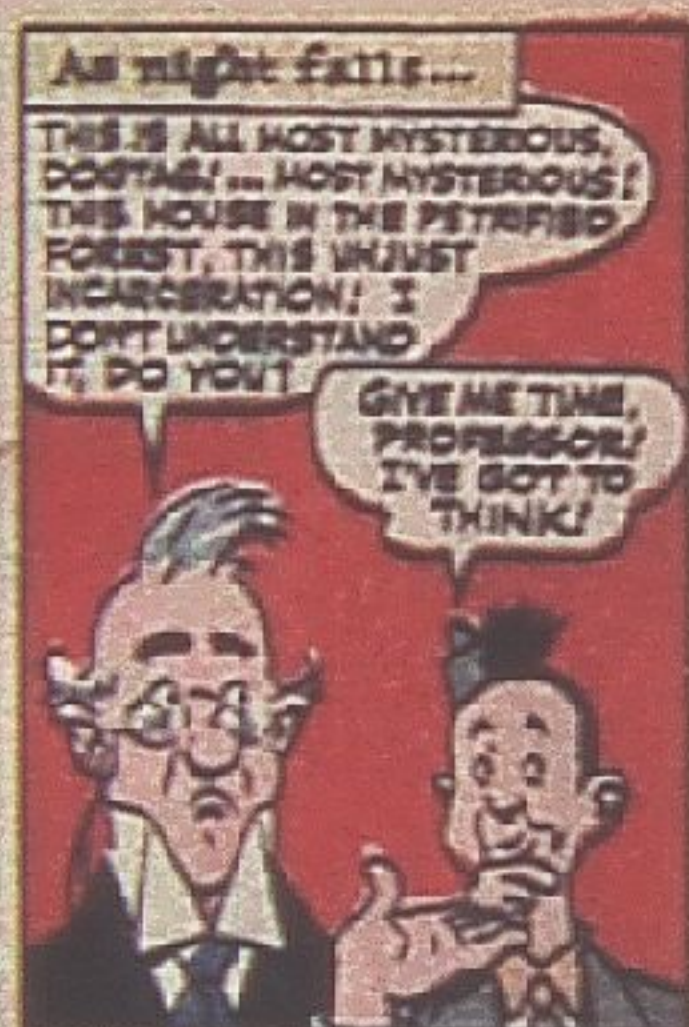


TAKE HIM INTO THE OTHER ROOM!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU SEEM TO BE IMPRISONING US!

YOU SURE DO UNDERSTAND, MISTER! YOU CAN BOTH STAY THERE UNTIL I DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!



As night falls...

THIS IS ALL MOST MYSTERIOUS, DOSTAB! ... MOST MYSTERIOUS! THIS HOUSE IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST, THIS UNJUST INCARCERATION! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, DO YOU?

GIVE ME TIME, PROFESSOR! I'VE GOT TO THINK!



ROUTE 148BT...

NO, PROFESSOR, I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! BUT I'M HUNGRY!

DOSTAB, I ADMIRE THE DILIGENCE WITH WHICH YOU LIKE TO THINK OUT A PROBLEM BEFORE ARRIVING AT A CONCLUSION!



SHE'S GOING TO HELP US ESCAPE!

SH-H!



GO NOW ... AND DON'T COME BACK! YOU WILL LOSE YOUR LIVES IF YOU ARE CAUGHT!

BUT WHY! WON'T YOU EXPLAIN! AND WHY ARE YOU HELPING US TO ESCAPE?



I CAN TELL YOU NOTHING EXCEPT THIS!

GOODNESS! GOODNESS! THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL!



HOW ABOUT ME? I
HAS A PRISONER,
TOO... REMEMBER?



THAT FOR YOU, WORM!
NOW GO, BOTH OF YOU,
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

THERE
ARE SOME
THINGS I
JUST CAN'T
FIGURE
OUT!



I WON'T GO WITHOUT
AT LEAST ONE DINOSAUR!
I WON'T ADMIT FAILURE!

NO, YOU
MUSTN'T! IF
YOU TRY TO
TAKE A
DINOSAUR,
YOUR DOOM
IS SEALED!



THERE'S ONE!
QUICK, PRIVATE
DOGTAG! WE
MUST GET
HIM!

BUT MAYBE
HE LIKES IT
HERE!



WAIT! BEFORE WE LEAD HIM OUT, I
MUST BE CERTAIN IT IS THE SEVENTY-
EIGHT TOOTHED SPECIMEN OF THE
POST-ICE AGE! PRIVATE DOGTAG,
YOU'RE YOUNG AND NIMBLE!
CLIMB UP ON THE FENCE
AND LOOK INTO HIS
MOUTH!

YAWP! BUT
PROFESSOR.....
M-MAYBE HE WON'T
LIKE IT! M-MAYBE HE'S
SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS
TEETH! HE MAY EVEN
BE WEARING A BRACE!



IF IT WEREN'T
THAT SARGE
EXPECTS ME
TO OBEY ORDERS,
I'D TRY TO TALK
THE PROFESSOR
OUT OF THIS!

COUNT
THEM!
HOW MANY
ARE
THERE?

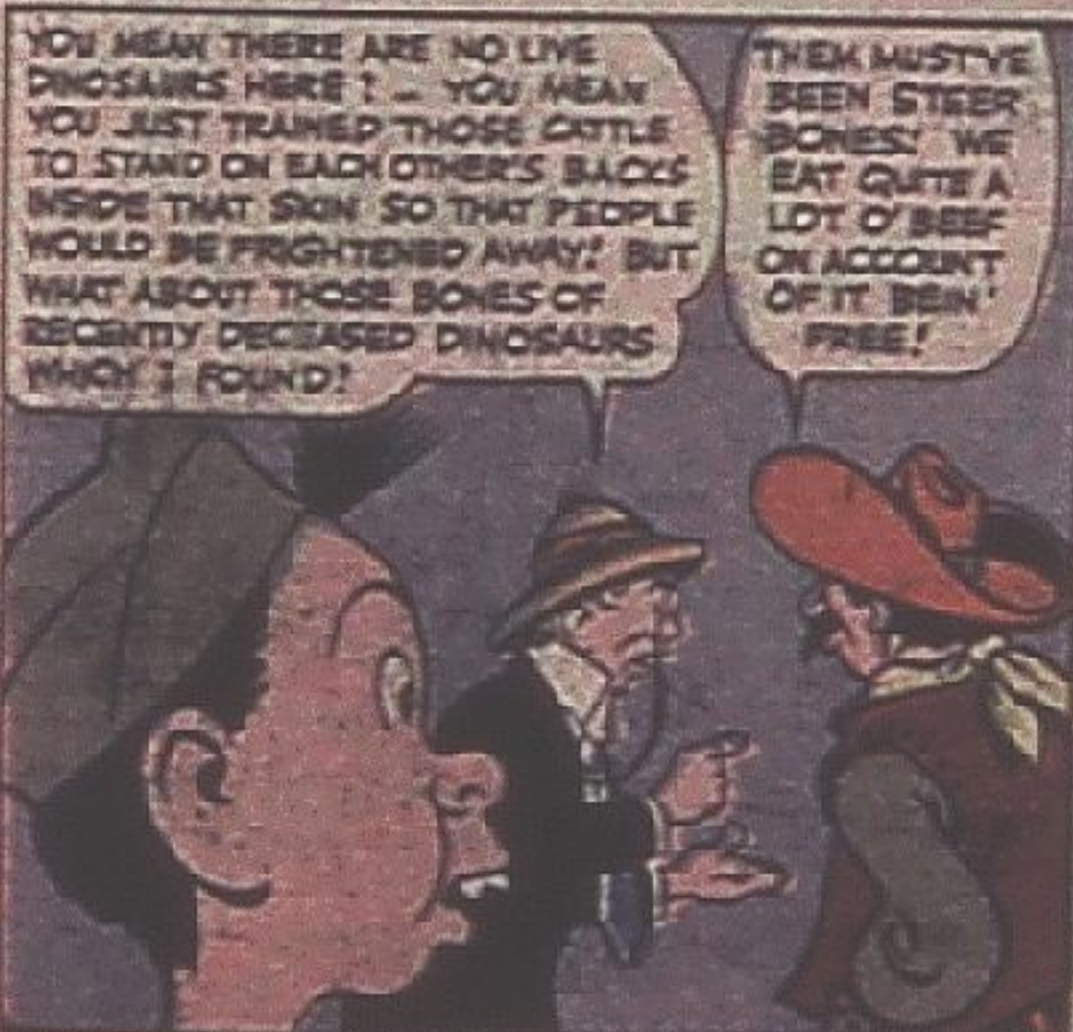
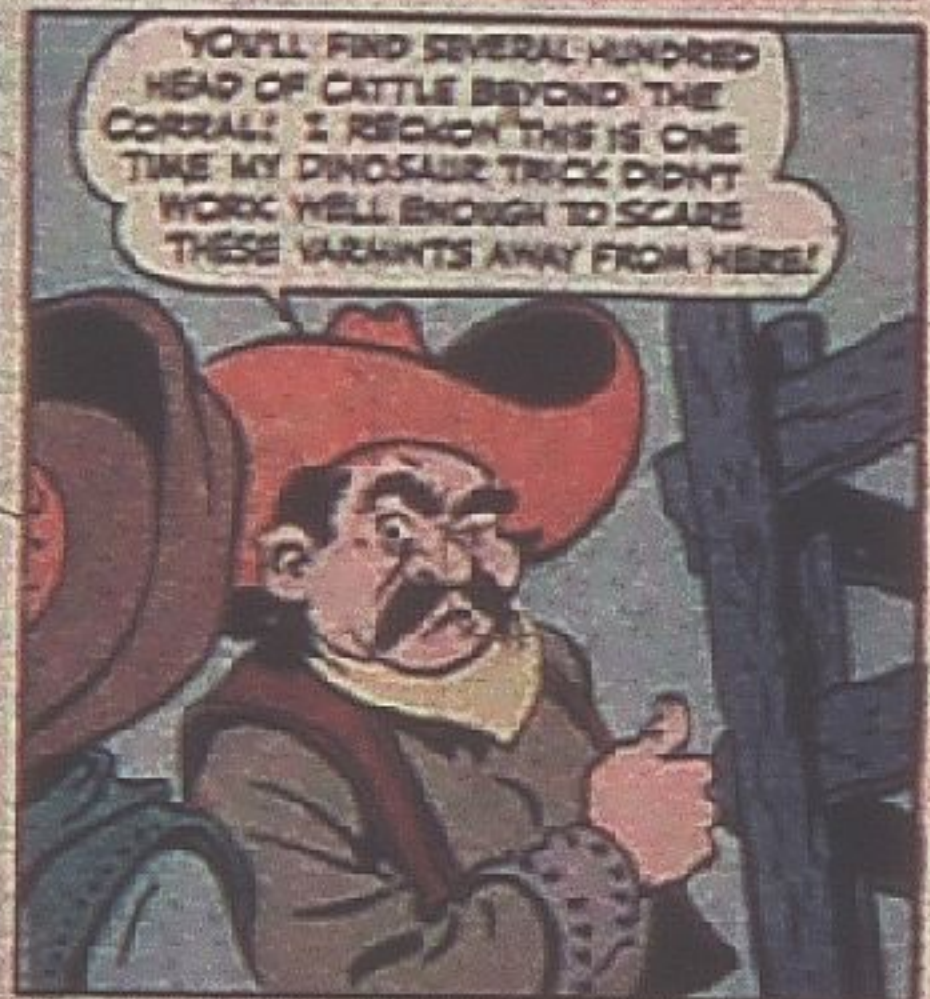


SO SORRY! MY
HAND SLIPPED!
G-GOODNESS!
HE'S BEING
SWALLOWED!

HALP!



WHAT A STRANGE
SOUND FOR A
DINOSAUR TO MAKE!
OR CAN IT BE
PRIVATE DOGTAG
IN HIS DEATH
THROES?



The FLYING SCOURGE

HAVE you ever had an appalling experience? Have you ever stood in a safe place and watched Death strike? Or had Death stalk you with its cold breath?

For some time, good, heavy rains have fallen, until now the barley—covering miles upon miles of the land—makes it appear to be a farmer's paradise. Not one mile, not ten, not fifty; but for over a hundred miles, in the bright clear atmosphere of a summer's day, you see nothing but beautiful green, bounded by the far-distant deep-green ranges of hills—hills that seem to hold the blue smoke of a million camp fires.

You stroll through the barley. It is all yours. You planted it. You intend to reap it. You think of this little fortune, and all it will mean to you. You may possibly get a short holiday home to England—England that you haven't seen for many years. You are building castles and—

There in the distance is that sight which for a fraction of a second seems to chill the heart. You stand motionless. In that far-away distance, and ever so far away on the horizon, you see a long, faint cloud, for all the world like dust—a thin, faint, unbroken line from left to right; perhaps fifty miles long.

This is a locust swarm, as you first see it at a distance of about 70 miles.

The day is oppressively hot and still; there is a foreboding of disaster in the great empty silence.

In a short space of time the swarm assumes enormous proportions. It is no longer that thin narrow cloud, it has spread up higher into the blue; there is more density in the blurred mass. It is now a spreading

light-brown fog, advancing rapidly towards you—a light-brown fog that obscures all that is behind it.

And yet the swarm is miles away. The ironical fact is that, unlike most impending disasters, it gives you ample warning of its coming; in your utter helplessness to avert it, the intimation comes hours and hours beforehand.

That is the hardest blow—that you should be so prepared for disaster, and yet be unable to avoid it.

Mile by mile, minute by minute, the landscape is gradually blurred out. Hill after hill, tree after tree, are hidden, and all the while the big brown cloud mounts higher into the sky and spreads itself over half a world.

And then a sound travels, steals into the silence. It is like the sound of the sea heard from a distance inland. It is the distant whirring and roaring of billions and billions of wings beating the air.

Before you—the rapidly approaching swarm shades, shadows the landscape.

Behind you—bright blue sky, and miles of green country, miles of ripening crops and luxuriant pasture.

It is the last you will see of it for a year.

The whirr becomes louder—two or three old locusts fly past you. The whirr becomes a roar, and then, with plunging suddenness, the thick swarm is over the land, and the rushing whirr and roaring of the wings is like some gigantic dynamo revolving at terrific speed.

You may have to listen to this for days—it depends upon the size of the swarm; but when it does stop, you feel that half

an hour more of it would have driven you mad. The swarm is so dense that a sheepyard and stable thirty yards from you are only just discernible. Occasionally they are quite hidden; even the bright sun is obscured, and the rushing, moving shadow is forever passing over the earth.

The locusts settle everywhere in millions—and millions and billions of them continue flying to settle farther on.

They have been settling in myriads like this for a hundred miles or more, and yet enough locusts are left flying to hide the sun!

On the ground, nothing but locusts, and so thickly do they pack that not a square inch of earth or grass is visible. As you walk through them a narrow wake is left for a few seconds in your track, where they have flown out of your way, and as they rise thickly before you the noise of their wings is like an electric power-station.

And still the main body of locusts flies overhead in thick, brown masses—one steady, continuous stream, miles deep and miles broad—and all the time the incessant roar of millions of wings fanning the air.

It is a wonderful sight, a sight no one can ever forget.

In ten minutes your two thousand acres of green grass, your hundreds of acres of waving grain, are razed to the ground. Not one green blade is visible, not one green leaf, not a flower, not a stalk. All eaten right down into the soil by millions and millions of ravenous insects.

Every blade of grass, every stalk of grain is attacked by as many locusts as it will hold. Fifty or a hundred locusts rush on to one stalk; it bends with their weight, and in less than a

MILITARY COMICS

minute it is completely demolished. This is happening simultaneously to every stalk and green blade on two thousand acres!

It is happening to a great stretch of giant trees, and their leaves are disappearing so rapidly that you are dizzy at the enormity of the sight.

The shade trees and the flower beds in the little town, the gardens in the dooryards, are vanishing down the tiny maws of this vast swarm of flying death.

All the pasture for all the cows and goats in the neighborhood is going down those maws, and the cows and goats are standing about in utter fear at the awful spectacle.

A nation's wealth goes in half a day.

Such a swarm will take two to three days—not hours—two or three solid days to fly over!

Two or three days this maddening whirr and roar—days of shade and sunless hours; locusts settling in myriads; locusts flying, flying—till their flight fixes on the retinas of the eye, and their roar settles into the drum of the ear. No matter what you do, where you go, where you look, there is always the whirr and roar of the grey-brown bodies flying past. Pick up a book, and locusts fly across the

page; write a letter, and thousands of locusts rush across the paper. Locusts, locusts, locusts everywhere you look—on everything. Even in bed, when you shut your eyes, you see locusts, hear locusts, dream locusts.

Prisoners in the far-off dun stone House of Correction sweat at them and swear at them. They filter through the bars and settle on the walls of the cells, and whirr and hum through the dank corridors. And men curse and scream and some of them go mad in the frenzy of the terrible flight.

In a factory nearby the workers fight the locusts and try to keep them out of their lunches, but they are there. Some of them are accidentally eaten, and men become sick and retch and swear and sweat at them.

And people driving the high-roads in cars bat at the pests and toot at them and drive through clouds of them that plaster against their windshields and cause their tires to lose traction, and their cars to slide and slip over the smooth highways. And always there are several wrecks reported because of the slippery condition of the roads. Police on motorcycles are unable to ride.

Doors squash on the noisome things; windows slam down on them making a squishy sound.

Every football is a juicy thing because they are several inches thick on the ground and on the streets of the town. They are in the stables where the cattle and horses fight them and prance and kick and scream against them.

In the hospitals the poor sick and injured all but go insane battling these terrible mites.

Even far underground in the coal mines the swarm finds its way, clogging the elevator cables, causing the pulleys to slip and the winches to lose their grip. The miners become panicked after a while and lay down their tools and refuse to dig more coal because they are crawling with the loathsome creatures.

The milk is ruined and the drinking water is ruined and the food is contaminated for two or three days, while the swarm passes over.

That is why I say when they have gone, you feel that just half an hour more of it would have driven you mad. Not a soul to talk to, not a white face to cheer you; only thick, dense, flying millions of locusts, day after day, day after day, and always that incessant roaring and whirring of wings.

It is the most appalling experience you can ever go through.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1911, AND MARCH 3, 1907, OF MILITARY COMICS published weekly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1934.

Name of Publication }
Owner or Publisher }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the MILITARY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation of the publication for the week ended at the date herein required by the Act of August 24, 1911, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1907, contained in section 1103, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed at the Bureau of this State in 1911.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, owner, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Ohio; Greenwald, Geo.; Editor, George E. Brown, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Homer Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Ohio; Greenwald, Geo.

2. That the owner is, or owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. of more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given. Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Ohio.

Greenwald, Geo., Editor, Lucas Point, Ohio; Greenwald, Geo., Editor, Lucas Point, Ohio, 122 Main Street, Buffalo, Ohio.

3. That the known circulation, newspapers, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the full name of each holder and security holder as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the ownership or security holder appears upon the books of the company in trust or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting. It is also stated that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing about's full knowledge and belief as to the ownership and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company at present, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this statement has no reason to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and submitted before me this 12th day of September, 1934.
LOUIS J. KRIEGER, Notary Public for the State of Ohio.

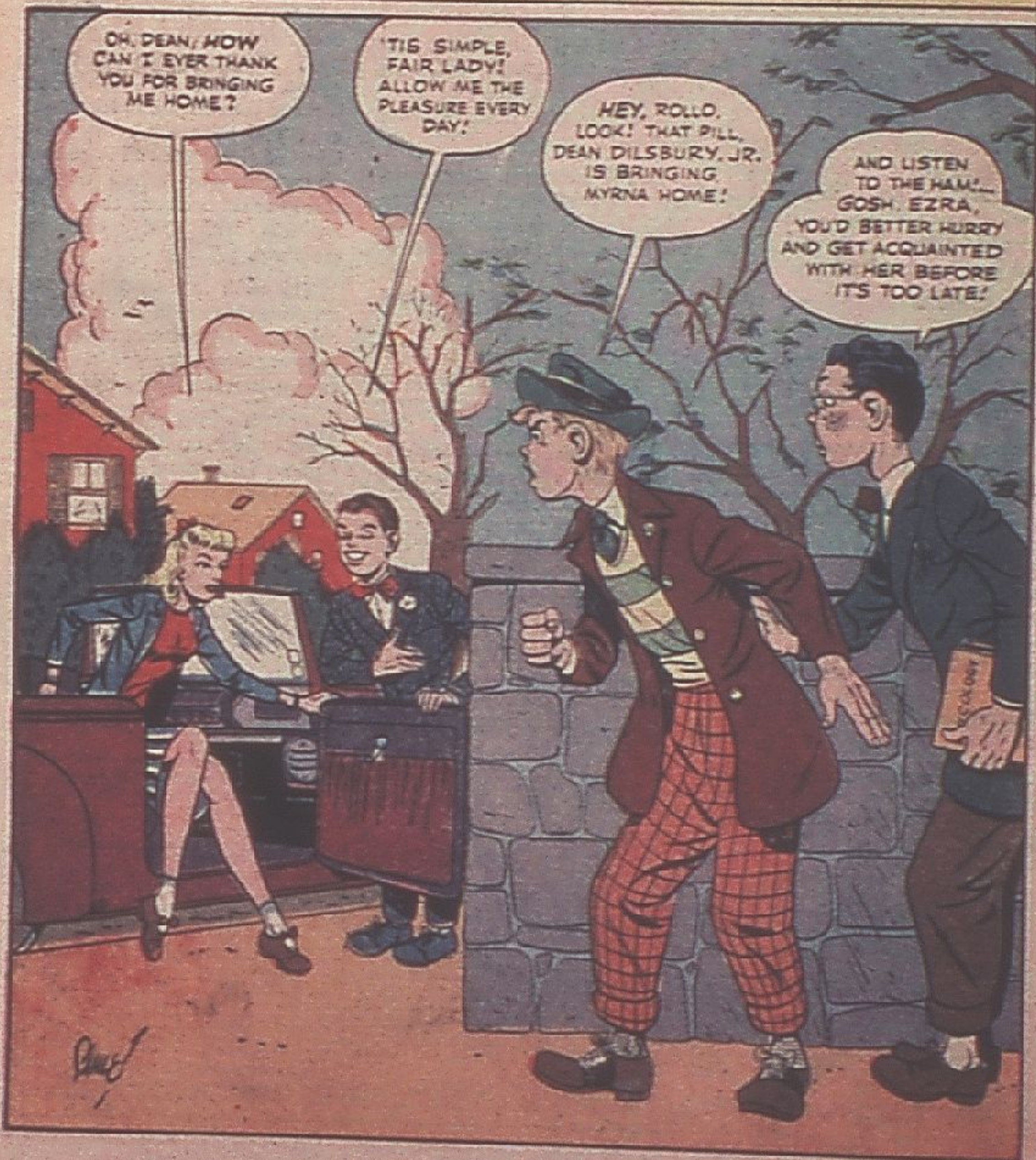
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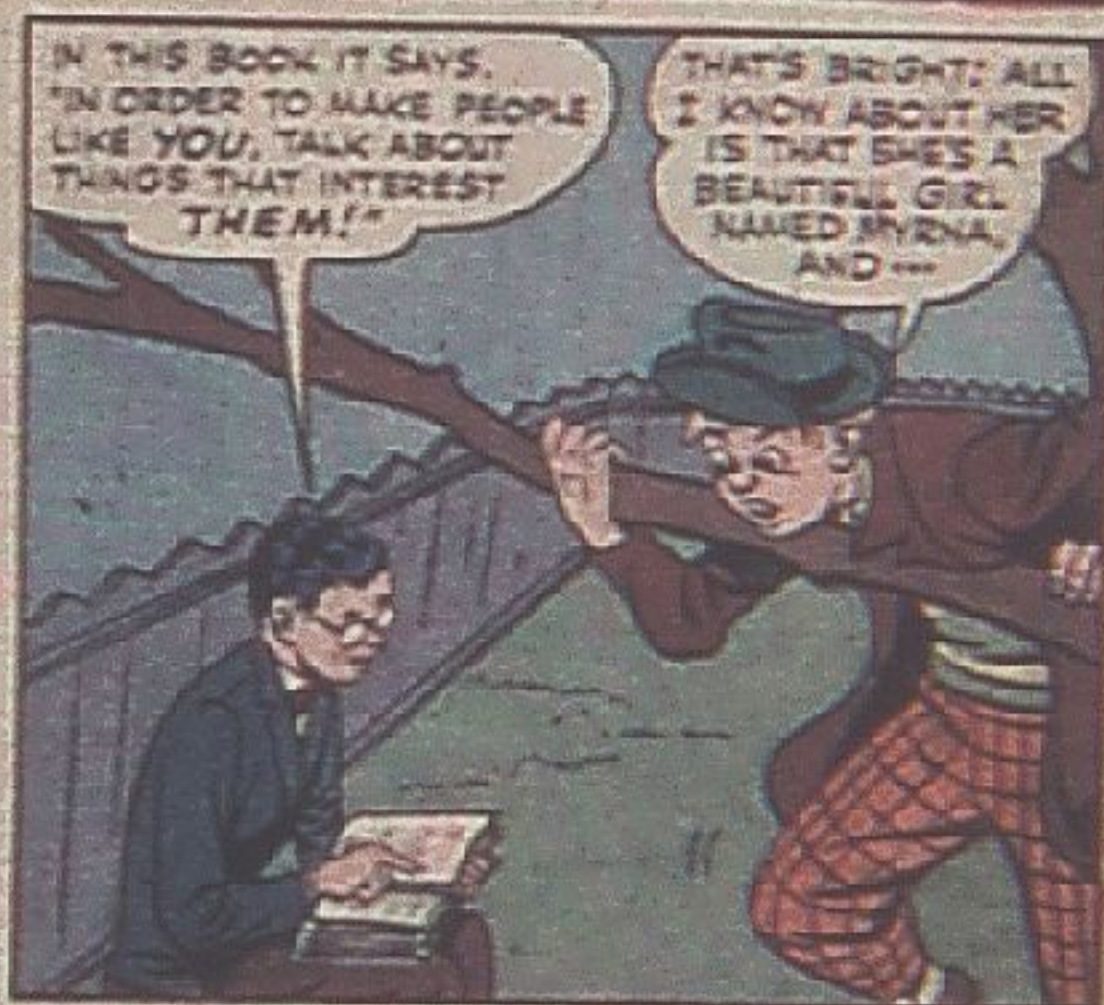
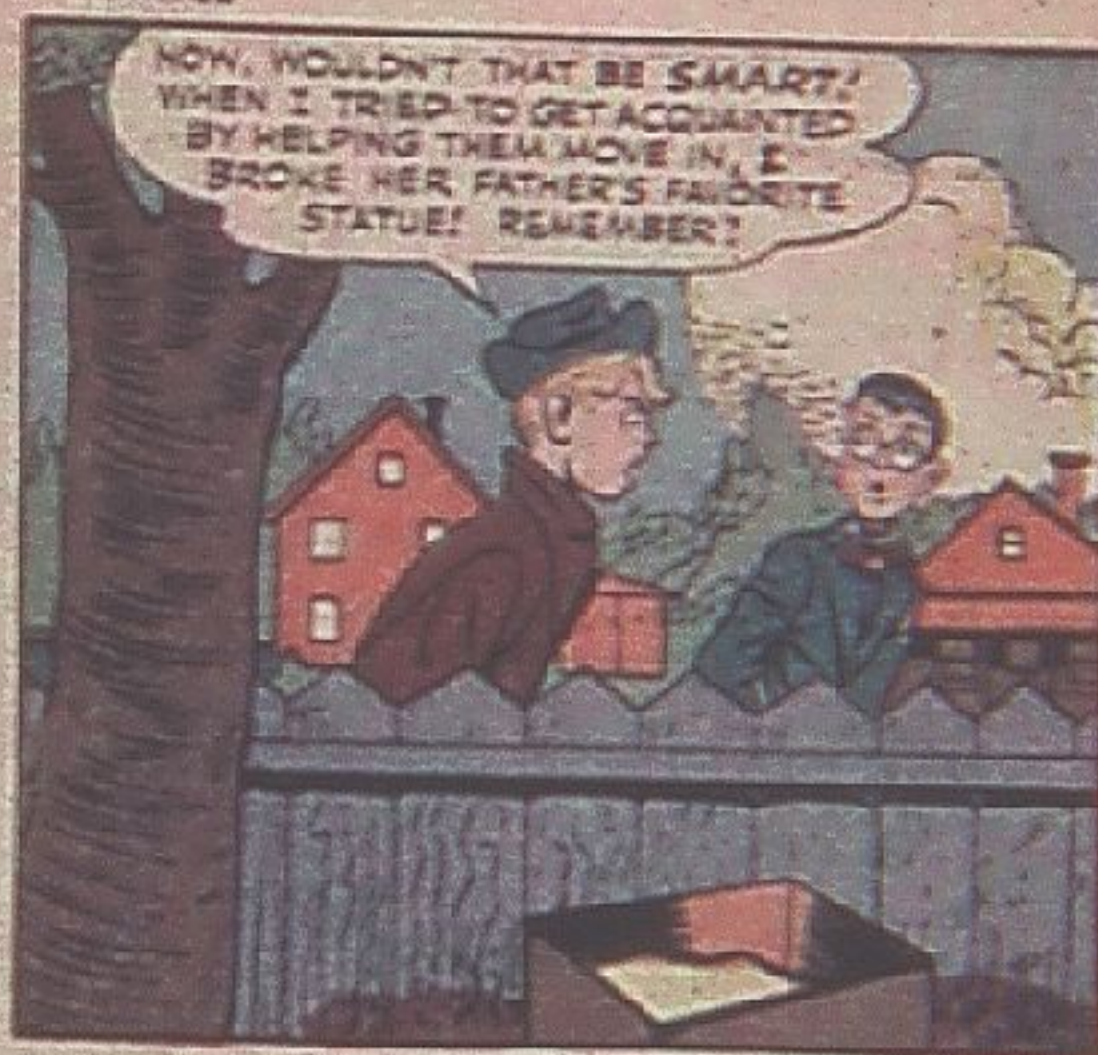
OH, DEAN, HOW
CAN I EVER THANK
YOU FOR BRINGING
ME HOME?

'TIS SIMPLE,
FAIR LADY!
ALLOW ME THE
PLEASURE EVERY
DAY!

HEY, ROLLO,
LOOK! THAT PILL,
DEAN DILSBURY, JR.,
IS BRINGING
MYRNA HOME!

AND LISTEN
TO THE HAM!
GOSH, EZRA,
YOU'D BETTER HURRY
AND GET ACQUAINTED
WITH HER BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!



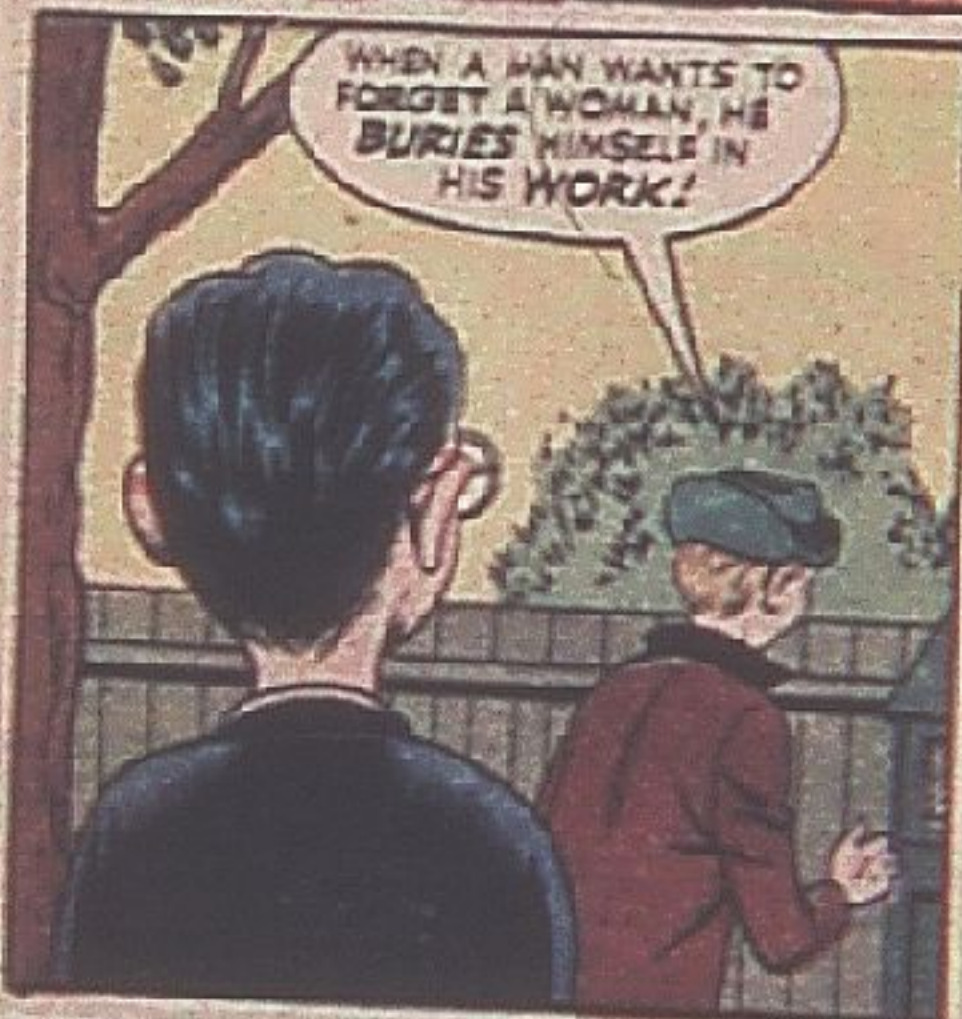


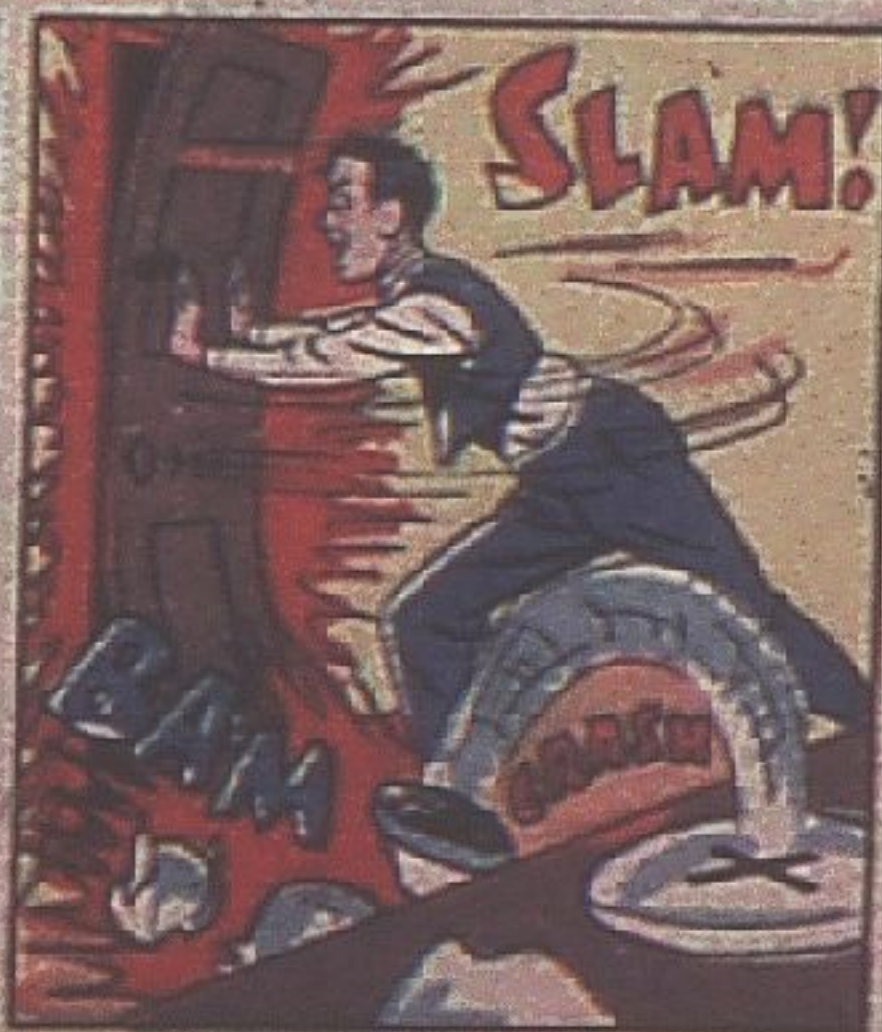
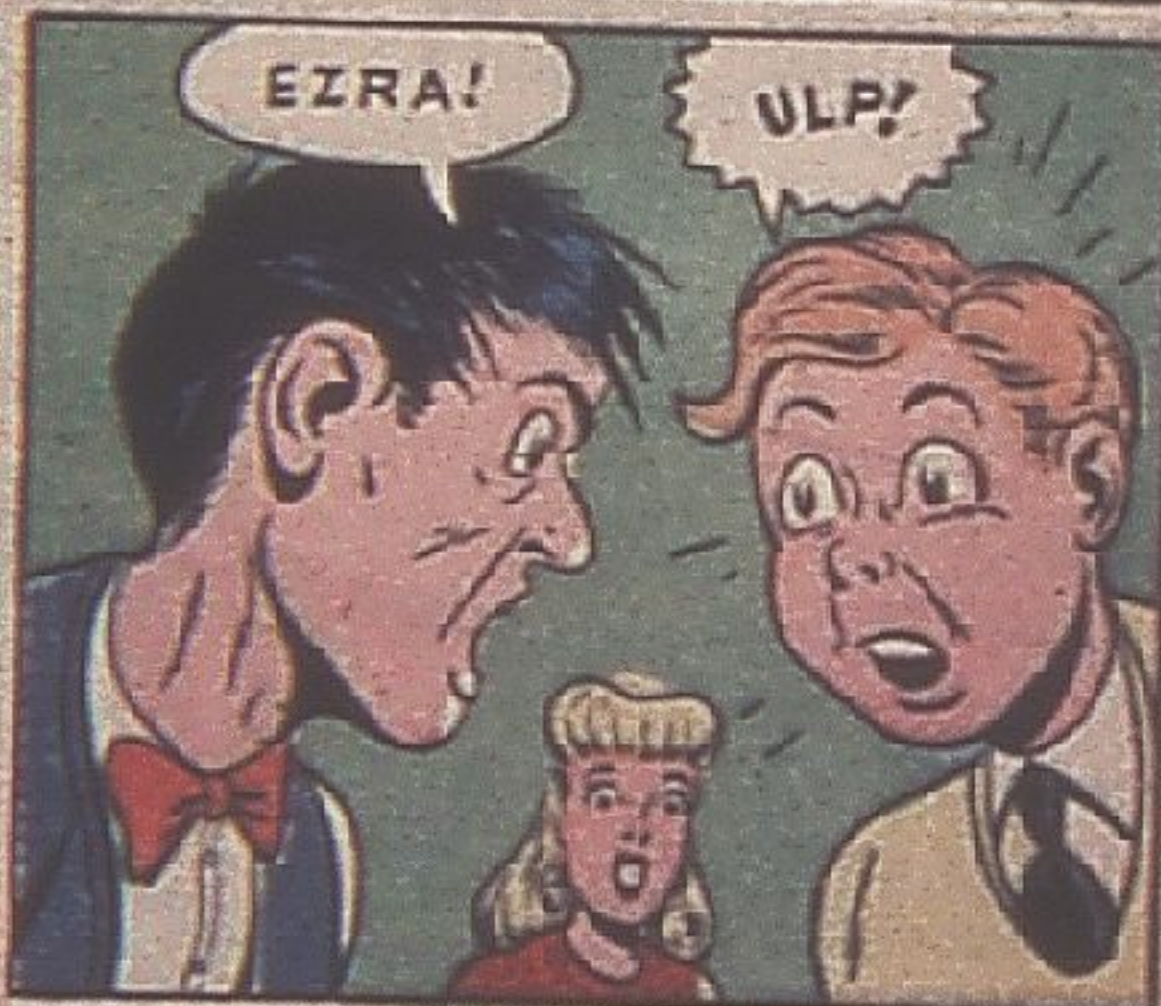














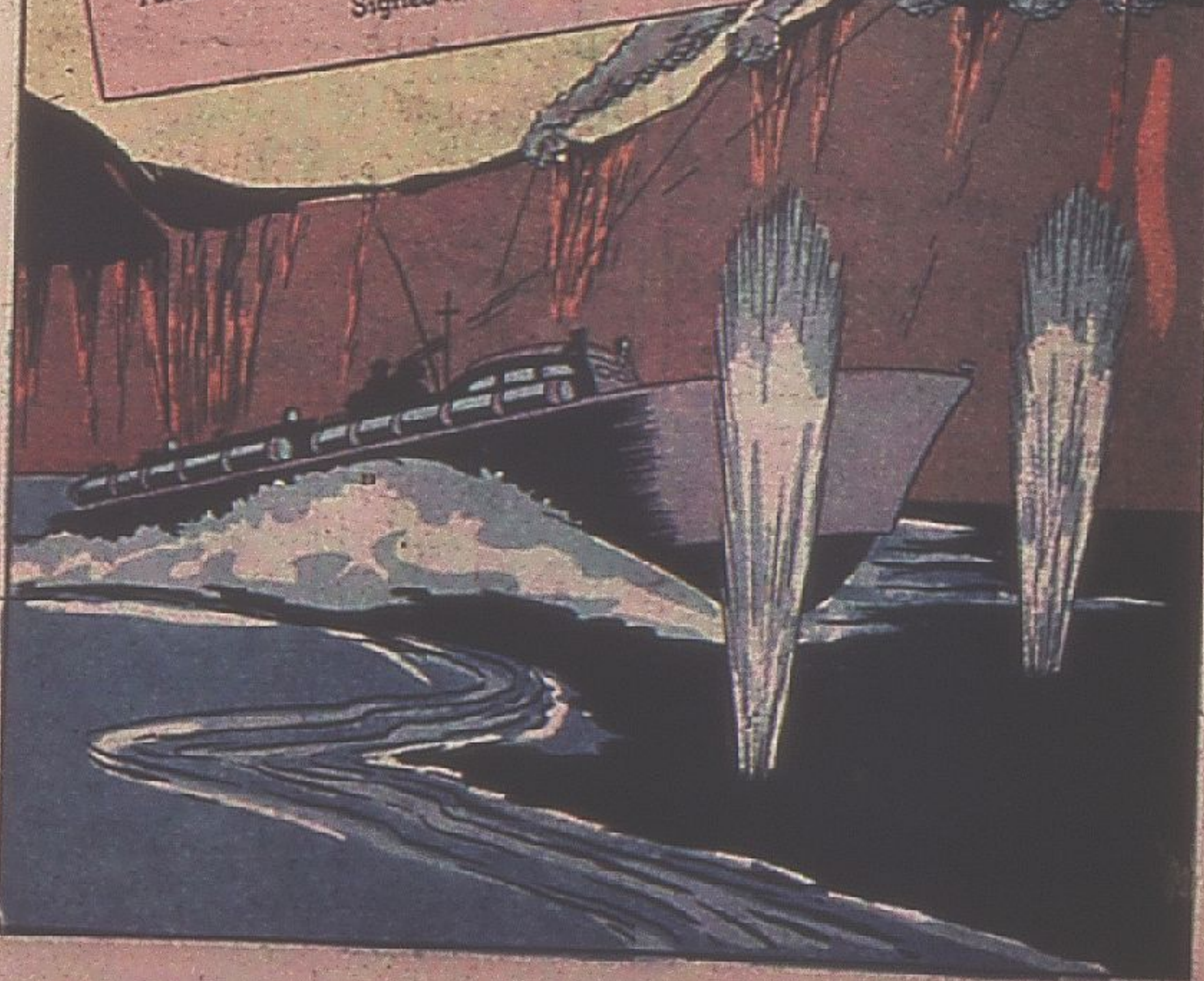
P T BOAT



ORDERS for MTB Squadron 6:
Half the Jap fleet is sitting on its haunches
in Ninoko harbor. Not even a mosquito
could reach Ninoko through the air. The
High Command thinks we MIGHT get
through.

Personally, I doubt it. But we can die trying!

Signed ...The Commanding Officer.



ON A GREY, MISTY DAWN, A SQUADRON OF PT BOATS ZOOMS OUT OF THE NAVAL BASE HARBOR...



WHILE PERRY TOBIAS AND PAUL HARVEY WATCH DISCONSOLATELY FROM A RECENTLY VACATED DOCK...



YAAH! THEY'LL MISS US WHEN THEY REACH NINOKO! I'LL BET WE'D HAVE SUNK A CRUISER!



UNDER THE THREAT OF FLAMING GUNS, THE DARING PT BOATS SWEEP INTO NINOKO HARBOR...



LOOK OUT FOR SANDBARS!

WHAT TH--!! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! THOSE JAP WAR-SHIPS ARE WOODEN DECOYS!



LIKE A PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES, BATTLE UNITS OF THE JAP FLEET CLOSE IN BEHIND THE PT BOATS, BLOCKING OFF THE HARBOR MOUTH!



BLAST THOSE JAPS! THEY LURED US INTO THE HARBOR TO DESTROY US!

THE HEAVY GUNS OF THE JAP FLEET SOW DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AMONG THE VALIANTLY FIGHTING PT BOATS!





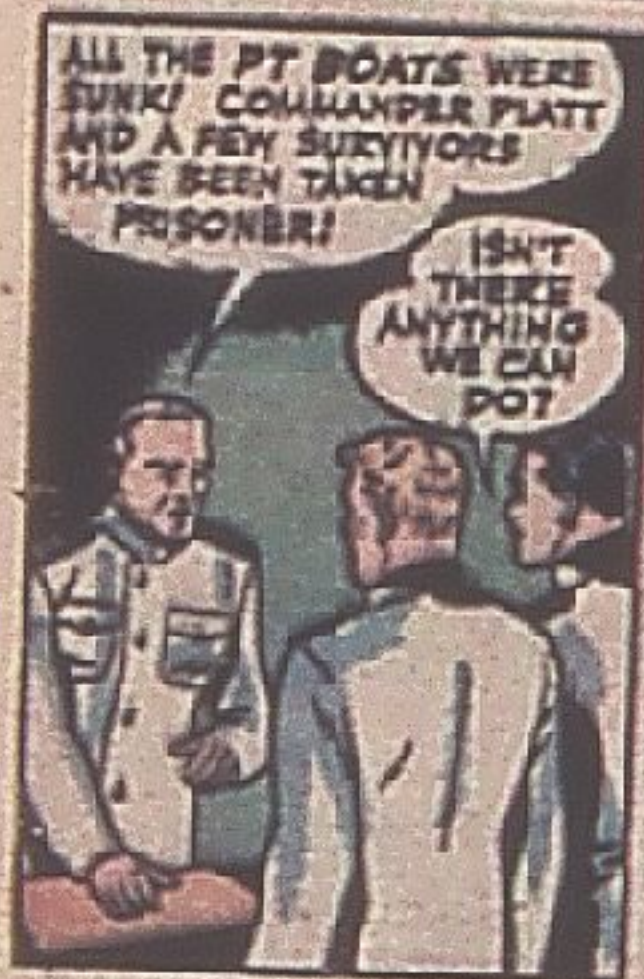
BOATS! THE DEVIL
BOATS ARE WIPED
OUT! WE WILL TAKE THE
SURVIVORS PRISONER! THIS
DAY WE HAVE HONORED THE
NAME OF OUR EMPEROR!



LATER THAT DAY, PERRY AND HILL
DROPPED INTO JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS...

SORRY TO BOTHER
YOU, SIR! IS THERE
ANY WORD OF
OUR SQUADRON?

YES! I'M
AFRAID IT'S
BAD NEWS!



ALL THE PT BOATS WERE
SUNK! COMMANDER PLATT
AND A FEW SURVIVORS
HAVE BEEN TAKEN
PRISONER!

ISN'T
THERE
ANYTHING
WE CAN
DO?



NOTHING BUT CARRY ON! THIS
IS THE JAPANESE TRICK! BUT
WE'LL PAY THEM BACK
SOMEDAY!



I CAN'T WAIT FOR
SOMEDAY! I KNEW
THOSE MEN! I'M
GOING TO FINISH
THE JOB THEY
STARTED!

YOU'RE
CRAZY!



PERRY TOBIAS IS
PAYING A RETURN
TRIP TO NINOKO!
I'D LIKE TO SEE
ANYBODY STOP
ME!

I'VE TRIED THAT
BEFORE... AND IT
NEVER WORKED!
SO I MIGHT AS
WELL GO ALONG!



HEY!... WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

WE'LL SEND YOU A
JAPANESE ADMIRAL FROM
NINOKO! -- WITH A
CRUISE TATTOOED
ON HIS BACK!

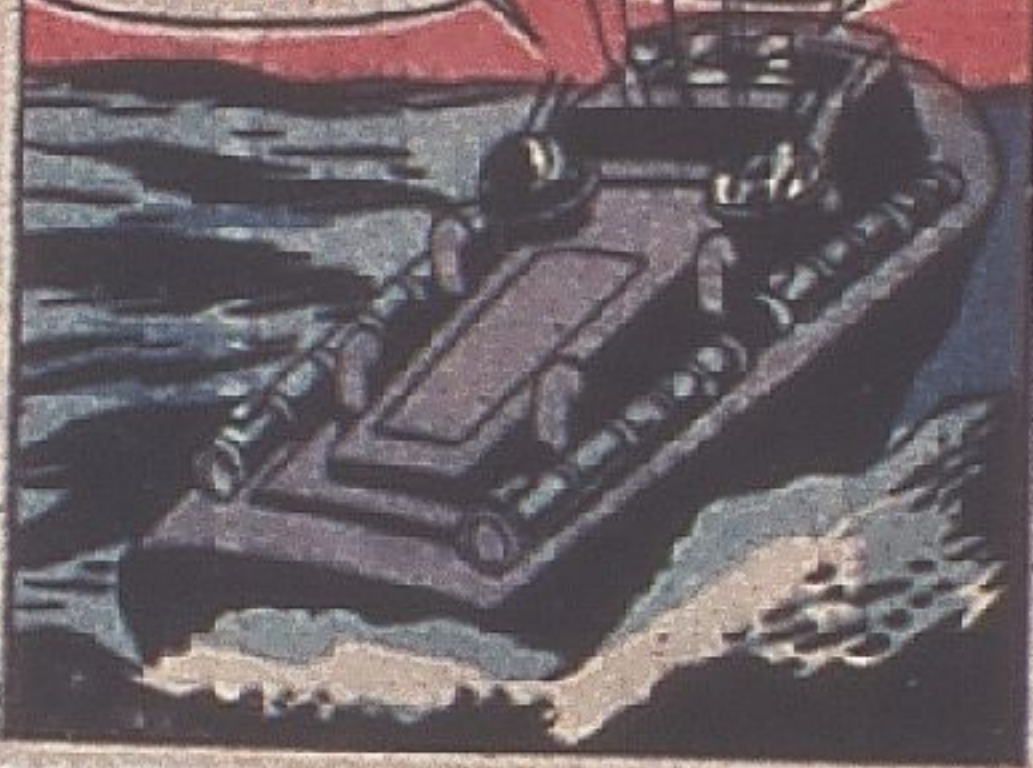
A LONE PT BOAT FOLLOWS THE TRAIL THAT LED A GALLANT SQUADRON TO ITS DOOM! ...

THE JAP FLEET'S LYING INSIDE THE HARBOR ... WITH A DEEP WATER INLET THROUGH SAND-BARS! WE SHOULD GET THROUGH!



BUT EVEN IF WE SINK THE WHOLE JAP FLEET... ESCAPE THEIR FIRE... AND MAKE IT BACK TO THE INLET... HOW DO WE GET OUT AGAIN?

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT AFTER WE GET THERE! DON'T START BURNING MY BRIDGES BEHIND ME!



MEANWHILE, IN THE FORTRESS PRISON OVERLOOKING NINOKO HARBOR ...

COMMANDER PLATT, YOU PLEASE TO COME! HONORABLE ADMIRAL WISH TO ASK QUESTIONS!

HE CAN SAVE HIS HONORABLE BREATH! I'M NOT TALKING TO ANY ~~OFFICER~~ SQUINT EYE!



COMMANDER, YOU CAN TELL US MANY THINGS OF INTEREST! WHO GAVE ORDERS TO ATTACK FLEET AT NINOKO?

I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME! BUT HE WAS ABOUT YOUR HEIGHT, AND HE WORE A LONG GREEN BEARD!



I BATHER EXPECTED YOU TO BE STUBBORN! SO I PREPARED CERTAIN... AH... INDUCEMENTS TO MAKE YOU TALK!

BANG!

WHAT WAS THAT?

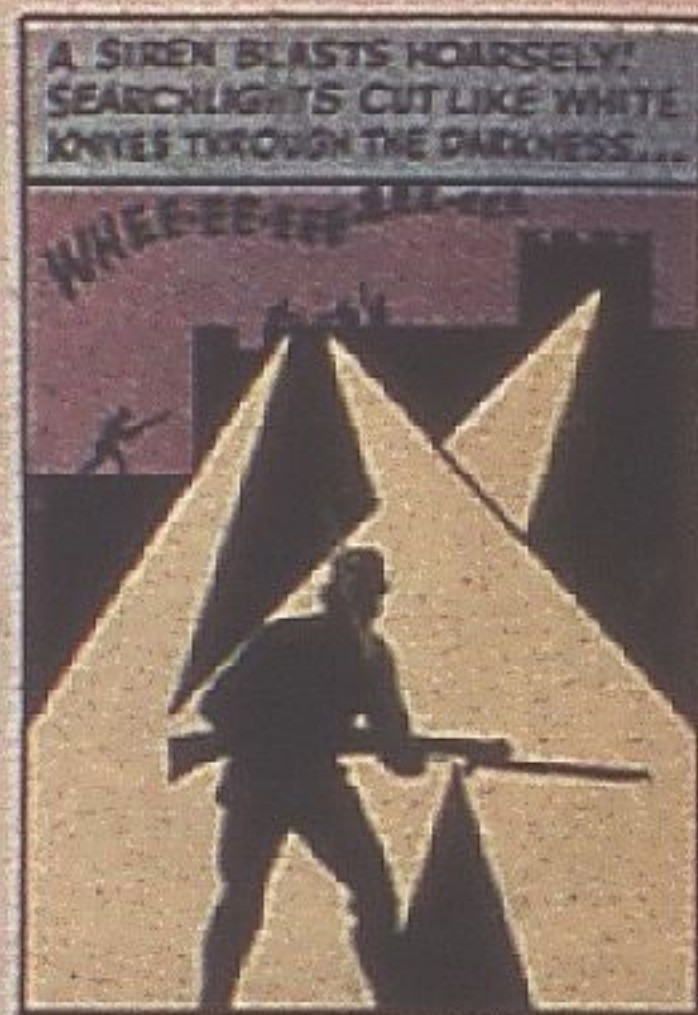
THAT WAS ONE OF YOUR OFFICERS! WE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO KILL HIM! TOMORROW WE WILL FIND IT NECESSARY TO KILL TWO MORE!... THEN FOUR! WE WILL CONTINUE TO DO THIS UNTIL YOU TALK!



YOU FILTHY MURDERER! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!

GUARDS!... HELP!





... AND A WANDERING LIGHT BEAM PICKS OUT A LONE PT BOAT IN SHARP OUTLINE AS IT GLIDES WITH MUFFLED MOTORS INTO NINOKO HARBOR...







LATER, AS A SEARCHING PARTY
REACHES A SMALL INLET...

AN AMERICAN
DEVIL BOAT! IT
IS EMPTY!



HURRY! SEND THE
ALARM! THE FOOLS MUST
BE SOMEWHERE ON
THE ISLAND!



YOU GUESSED
IT! HERE WE
ARE!

WE GOT BACK
JUST IN
TIME!



IN A FEW CRASHING MOMENTS, THE MEN OF THE
PT BOATS OVERWHELM THE JAPS!

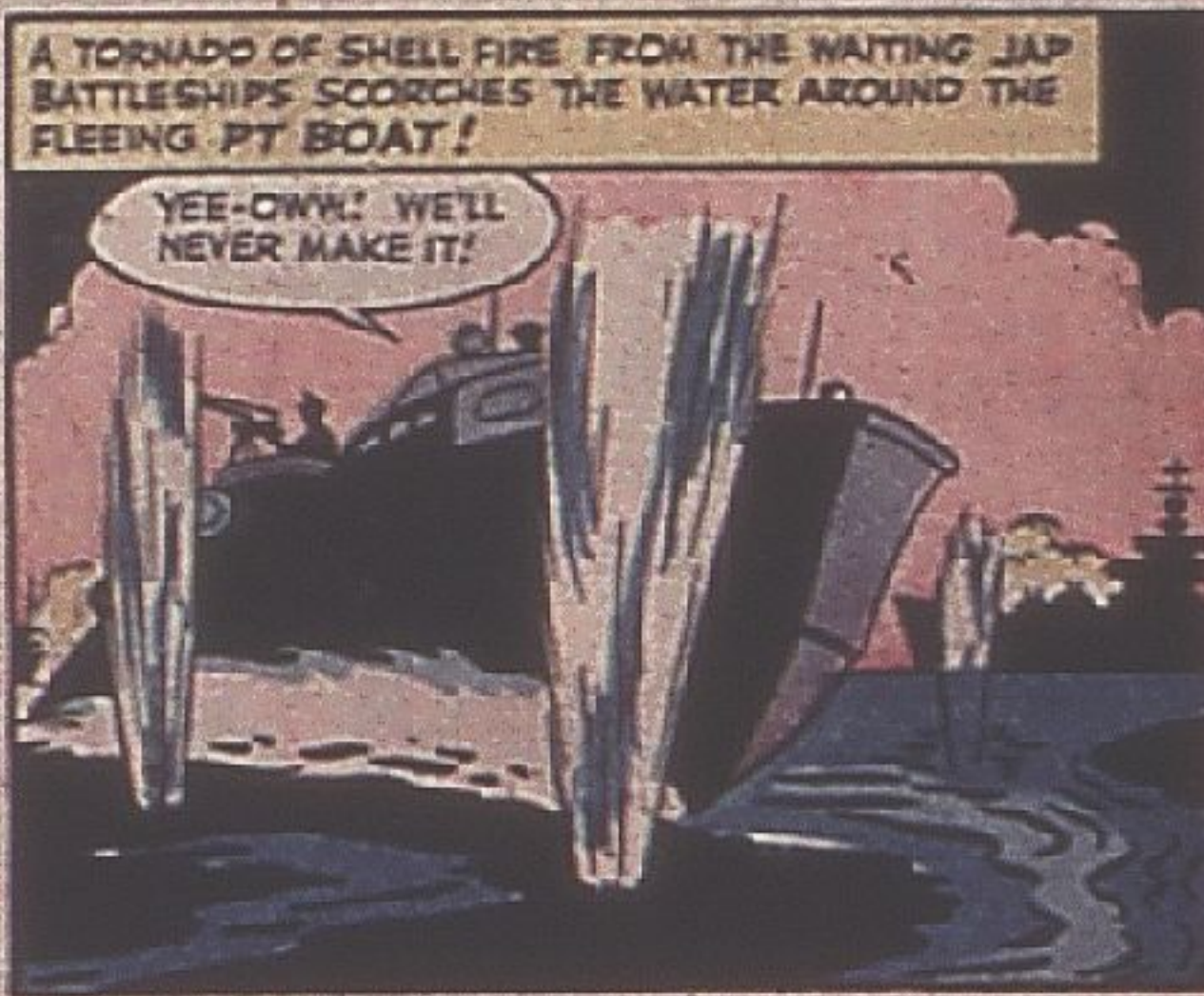


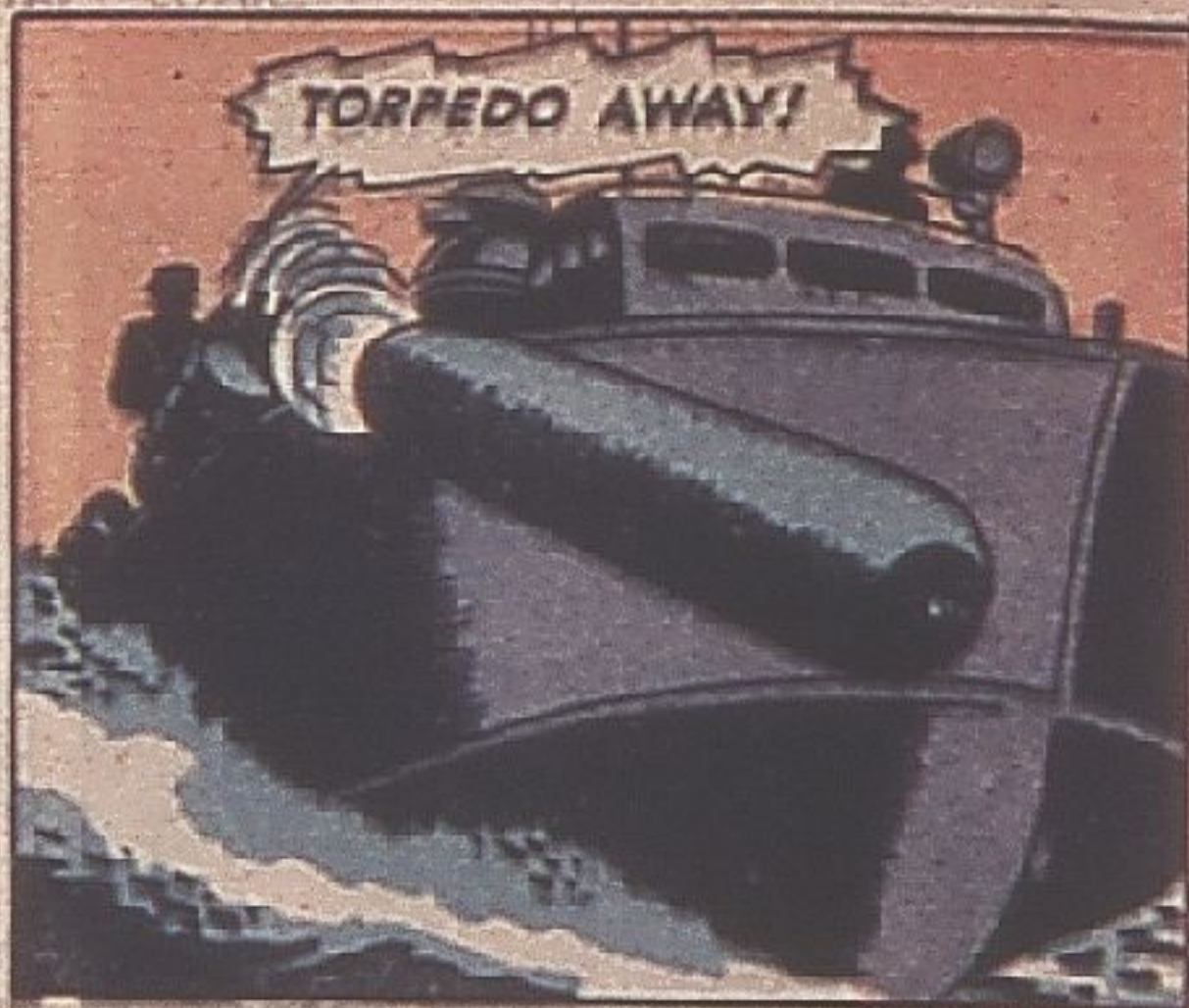
HEAVE HO, MY LADS!
WE'RE HEADING
OUT TO SEA!



A TORNADO OF SHELL FIRE FROM THE WAITING JAP
BATTLESHIPS SCORCHES THE WATER AROUND THE
FLEEING PT BOAT!

YEE-OHH! WE'LL
NEVER MAKE IT!





A SPEEDING MISSILE OF DEATH EXPLODES IN THE VITALS OF A JAP CRUISER...



HOT DIG! THE JAP WARSHIPS ARE STANDING BY TO PICK UP SURVIVORS! WE'LL SHOW 'EM A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS!



SOMETIME LATER, BACK AT THE HOME BASE OF MTB SQUADRON SIX...

IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO AWARD YOU THE NAVAL CROSS - FOR EXTREME GALLANTRY AND INTREPIDITY UNDER FIRE!



THE ADMIRAL HAS ALSO GRANTED YOU BOTH TWO WEEKS SHORE LEAVE! CONGRATULATIONS!

SIR! DO YOU MEAN WE CAN LEAVE HERE?



NO! YOU'LL SPEND YOUR TWO WEEKS SHORE LEAVE IN THE BRIG! THAT'S TO TEACH YOU NOT TO DISOBEY AN ORDER!

Y-VESSIR!





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